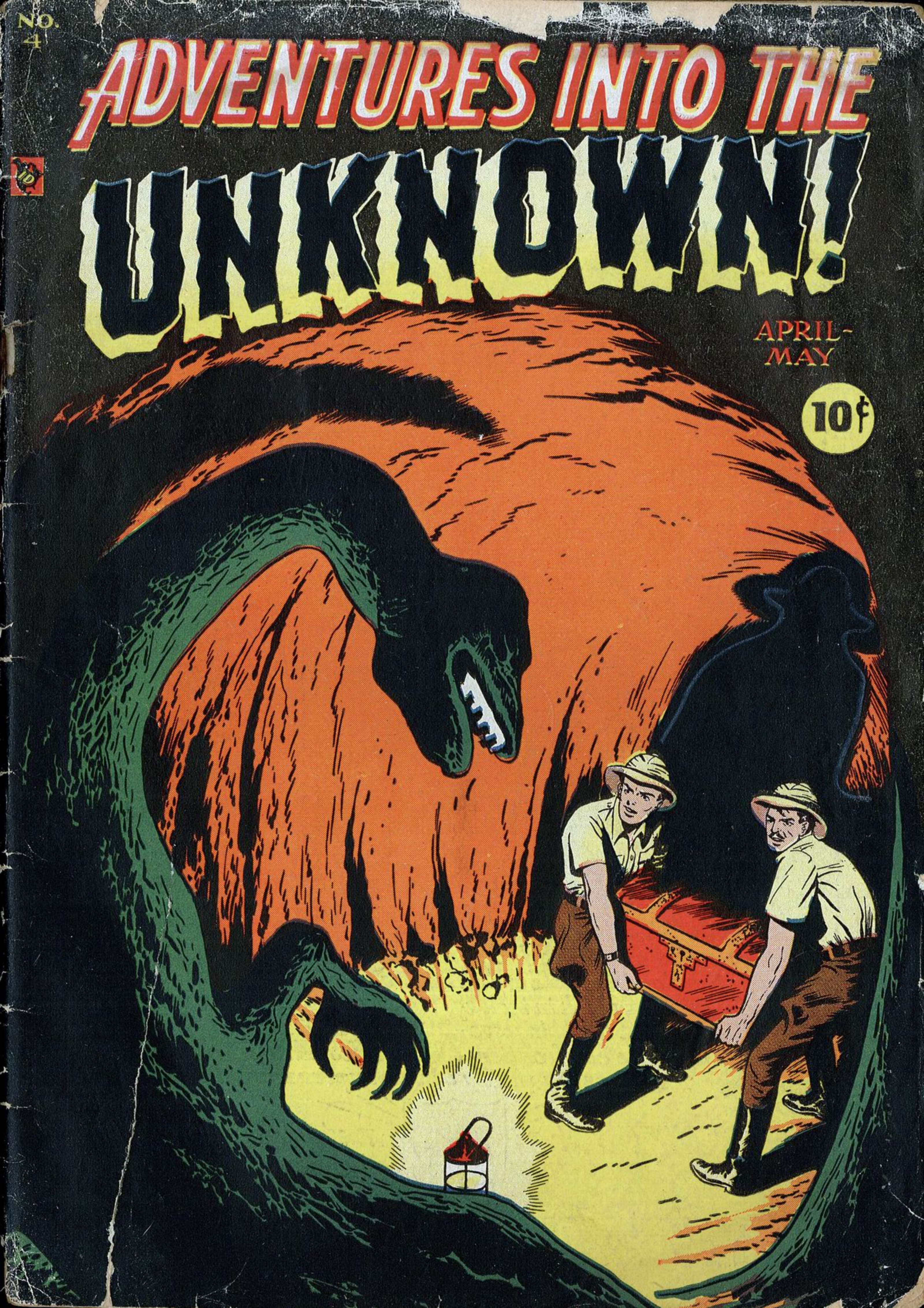


No.  
4

# ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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Read **AMERICAN!**







HEY...I'VE GOT IT!  
EDWARD CLINTON!  
HE'S RICH, WITH AN EYE  
FOR PUBLICITY...HE'S  
ALREADY BACKED  
SEVERAL EXPEDITIONS!  
THIS SHOULD BE BIG  
ENOUGH TO INTEREST  
HIM!



AND SO CLINTON RECEIVES  
A PROPOSITION!

SO WHAT? I'VE  
ALREADY BACKED  
SEVERAL OF THESE  
JUNKETS, AND WHO  
AMONG THE PUBLIC  
EVEN KNOWS MY  
NAME?

BUT THIS IS  
BIGTIME STUFF!  
THE GREAT GOD  
WHO'S THE  
FATHER OF  
ALL EGYPTIAN  
GODS...WHY,  
ALONGSIDE OF  
HIM, TUT-ANKHAMEN  
WAS BUSH-LEAGUE  
MATERIAL! AND IF  
THE CLINTON EXPEDITION  
DUG HIM UP, YOUR  
NAME WOULD BECOME  
A BYWORD!



PUT THAT WAY, HOW COULD  
CLINTON SAY NO? WITHIN  
WEEKS, THE GREAT  
EXPEDITION IS READIED...

BE CAREFUL, THERE!  
THAT STUFF'S WORTH  
MONEY!



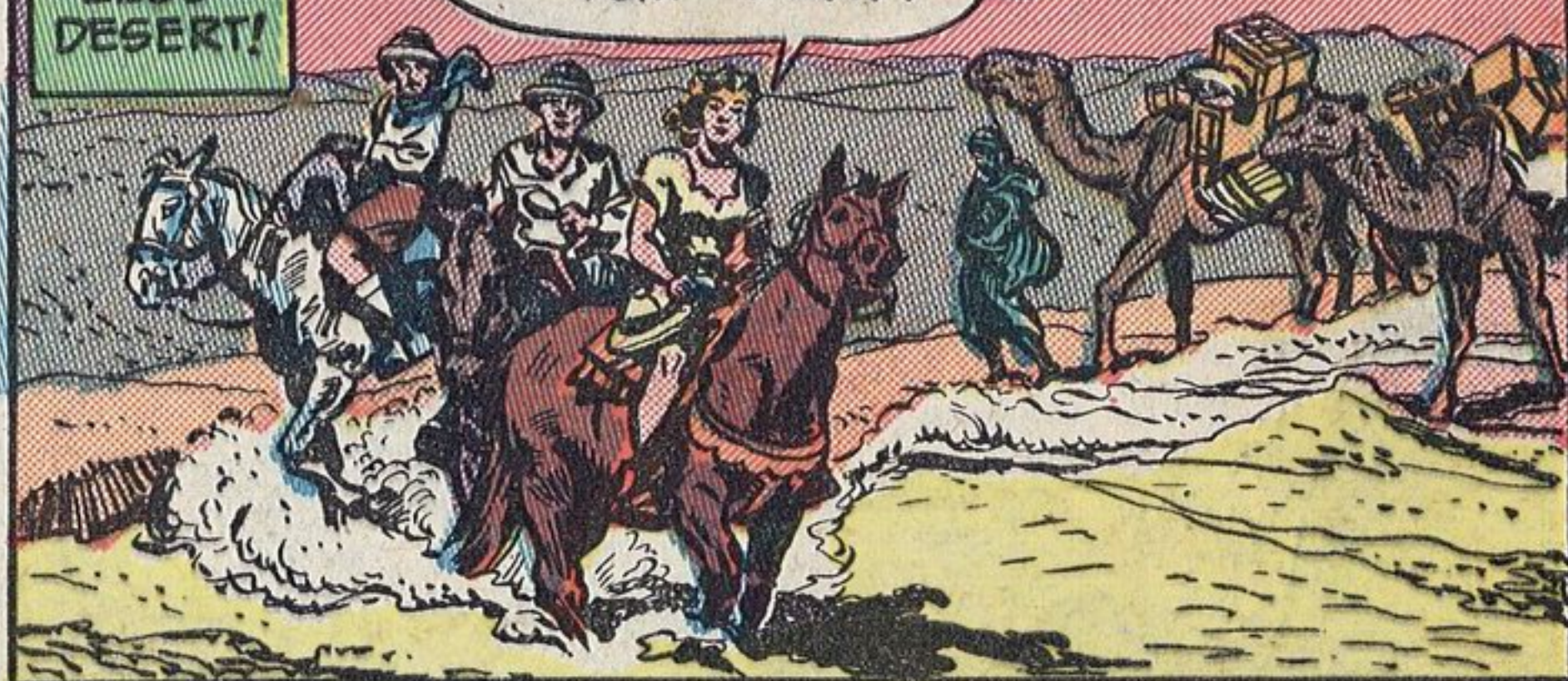
I NEVER  
DREAMED HE'D  
INSIST ON COM-  
ING ALONG!  
HOPE WE HAVE  
NO TROUBLE  
WITH HIM!

...AND PUTS TO SEA, BOUND  
FOR THE GREAT UNKNOWN  
...AND FABULOUS, UNSENSED  
ADVENTURES WHICH LOOM  
AHEAD!



EGYPT  
...AND  
OUT  
ACROSS  
THE  
TRACK-  
LESS  
DESERT!

I...I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE  
HERE! OH, PRAY THAT THE  
MANUSCRIPT WAS TRUE,  
TOM...PRAY!



MILE AFTER LONELY MILE...  
THEN FINALLY, THE GOAL IS  
REACHED! A BARREN SPOT,  
SWEEPED BY LONELY WINDS  
THAT MOAN OF UNTOLD  
DANGERS...OF ANCIENT  
DEATH!

IS THIS... THE PLACE? HOPE  
WE'LL FIND WHAT WE CAME  
FOR, BUT...IT'S KIND OF  
SCAREY, ISN'T IT? THE  
WIND...THOSE STRANGE  
DUNES...

WHOOO-OOO...

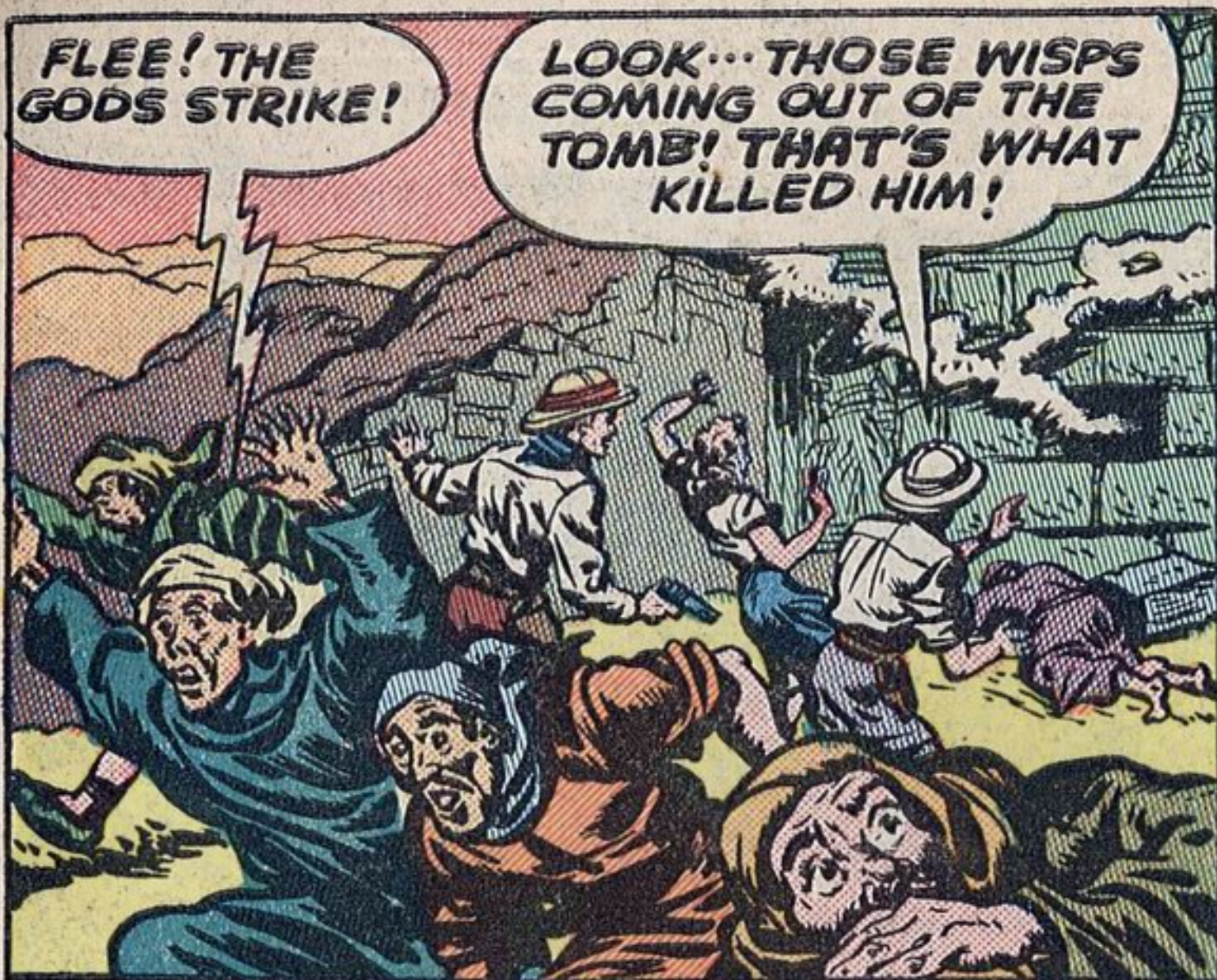
TOM! I...I'M  
F-FRIGHTENED!





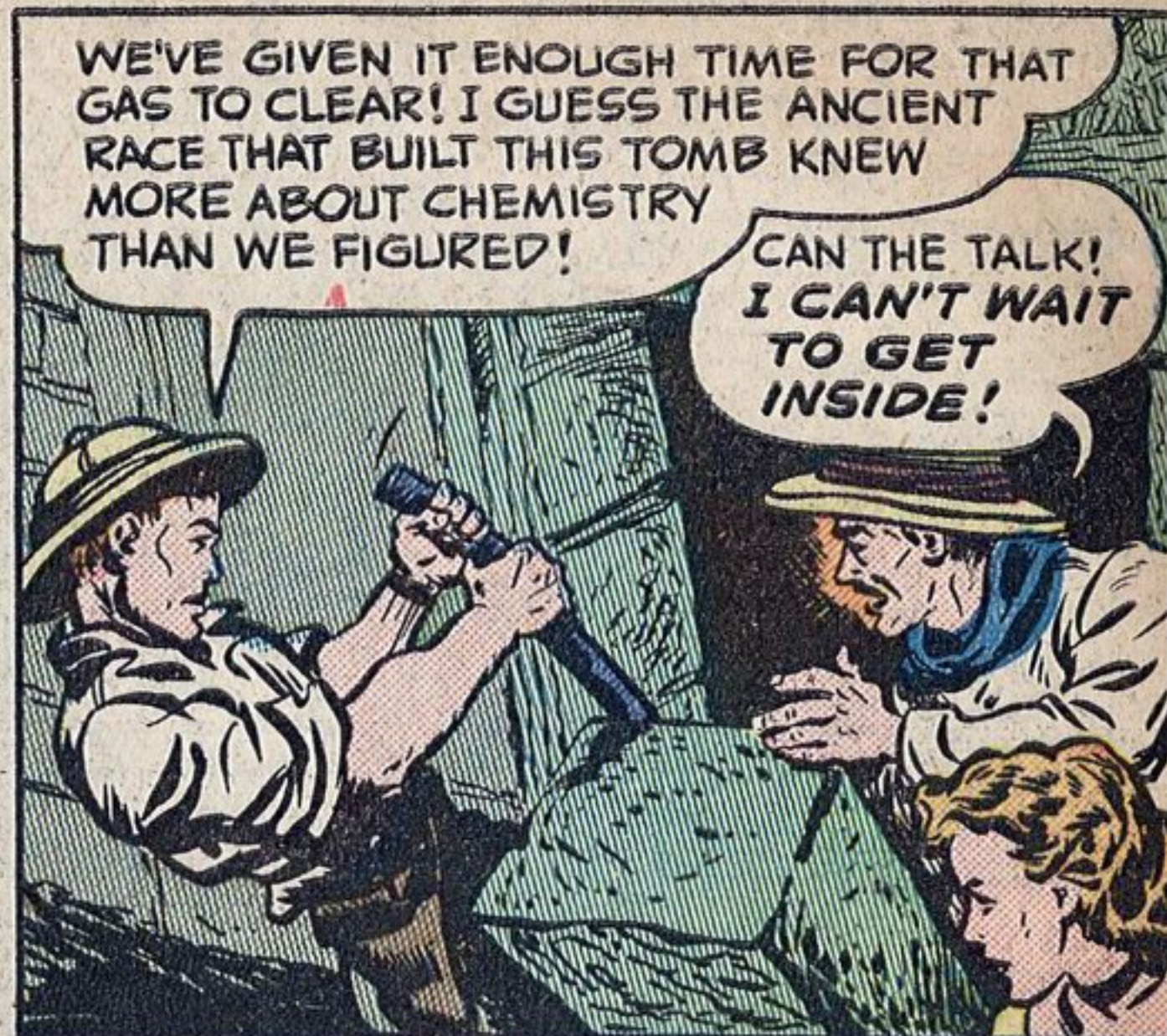






**FLEE! THE GODS STRIKE!**

**LOOK...THOSE WISPS COMING OUT OF THE TOMB! THAT'S WHAT KILLED HIM!**



**WE'VE GIVEN IT ENOUGH TIME FOR THAT GAS TO CLEAR! I GUESS THE ANCIENT RACE THAT BUILT THIS TOMB KNEW MORE ABOUT CHEMISTRY THAN WE FIGURED!**

**CAN THE TALK! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET INSIDE!**

**INSIDE THE GREAT TOMB...THE STRANGE GLORIES OF A LONG-DEAD CIVILIZATION! AND HOVERING ABOVE ALL, A SENSE OF BROODING, UNKNOWN EVIL!**



**GOLLY! THERE'S A KING'S RANSOM FOR YOU HERE, CLINTON!**

**I'VE ALREADY GOT WEALTH... WHAT I'M AFTER IS POWER, FAME...AND I FEEL I'M GOING TO GET THEM FROM OUR DISCOVERIES HERE! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT SARCOPHAGUS! ONCE WE SEE WHAT'S IN THAT, I'LL HAVE WHAT I'M AFTER!**



**WHAT! IS THIS WHAT YOU PROMISED ME...THE GREAT GOD WHO'S THE FATHER OF ALL EGYPTIAN DEITIES? IT'S JUST AN ORDINARY OLD MUMMY!**

**I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THAT OLD MANUSCRIPT WAS RIGHT IN EVERY OTHER PARTICULAR...COULD IT HAVE LET US DOWN THIS WAY?**

**LISTEN...I'VE GOT A CRAZY HUNCH! IT'S AN AWFULLY BIG SARCOPHAGUS FOR SUCH A SMALL MUMMY, AND I'M WONDERING! HELP ME GET IT OUT OF HERE!**



**CAREFULLY, TOM INSPECTS THE INTERIOR! HE TOUCHES A PROJECTION...AND THERE IS A PONDEROUS RUMBLING AS ANCIENT COUNTERWEIGHTS CREAK INTO MOTION! A FALSE BOTTOM SLIDES AWAY, REVEALING...**

**GOOD LORD! WILL YOU LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT THING!**





THERE...THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS IN HISTORY! I...I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT'S UNDER THESE BANDAGES!

NO, CLINTON...DON'T! EXPOSE THAT FACE, AND IT WILL CRUMBLE INTO DUST!

BUT...BENEATH THE ANCIENT WRAPPINGS...

GREAT SCOTT...LOOK! YOU...YOU'D THINK HE WAS SLEEPING!

THE FACE IS PERFECT! SOME GREAT EMBALMING SECRET, I SUPPOSE... LOST WITH THE CENTURIES!

HOLY SMOKE... HIS EYES! THAT THING'S ALIVE!

OUT OF THE UNKNOWN, ENTOMBED FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, YET THIS CREATURE...LIVES!



RUN!

R-RIP!

EEEEEEK!

WAIT! DO NOT FLEE...IT IS MY COMMAND!

THERE'S SOMETHING...HYPNOTIC ABOUT THAT TOMB-LIKE VOICE! I...CAN'T MOVE!



YOU FEAR ME, MORTALS? YOU, WHO HAVE RELEASED ME FROM THE PRISON WHERE I HAVE LAIN, IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION, FOR TENS OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS?

WHO...WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU COME TO BE HERE? ARE YOU... HUMAN?

HUMAN? I CANNOT ANSWER THAT! ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT I AM EL-RANO...THAT I COME FROM ANOTHER RACE, NOW DEAD AND LONG VANISHED, WHICH LIVED HERE 50,000 YEARS AGO! BUT I HAVE A MESSAGE TO BRING TO YOU WHO HAVE COME AFTER US...A MESSAGE ACROSS THE AEONS! COME WITH ME...LET ME SHOW YOU!

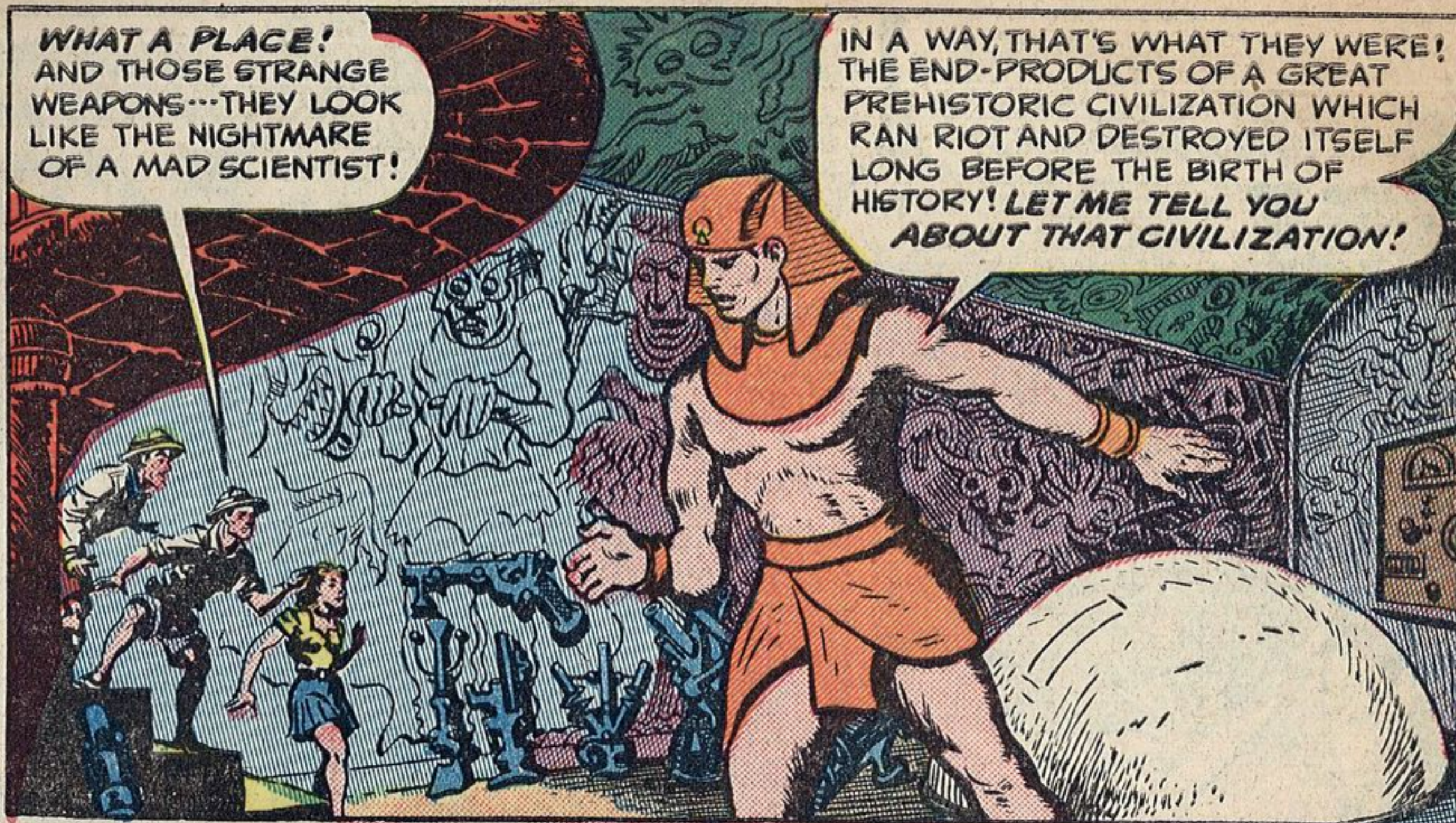




A SLAB IN THE FLOOR SLIDES ASIDE, REVEALING ANCIENT STONE STEPS WHICH SEEM TO WIND INTO THE VERY BOWELS OF THE EARTH! IN A CHAMBER FAR BELOW...

WHAT A PLACE! AND THOSE STRANGE WEAPONS...THEY LOOK LIKE THE NIGHTMARE OF A MAD SCIENTIST!

IN A WAY, THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE! THE END-PRODUCTS OF A GREAT PREHISTORIC CIVILIZATION WHICH RAN RIOT AND DESTROYED ITSELF LONG BEFORE THE BIRTH OF HISTORY! LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THAT CIVILIZATION!



"IN THE BEGINNING, WE WERE AS YOU WERE...SIMPLE CAVEMEN, FACED WITH ALL OF THE PERILS OF SAVAGE NATURE!"



"THE COUNTLESS YEARS WITNESSED EVOLUTION! AS TIME WENT ON, CERTAIN OF THESE CAVEMEN ADAPTED THEMSELVES TO THEIR ENVIRONMENT BY BECOMING LARGER, STRONGER! AND FINALLY--A RACE OF GIANTS EMERGED!"



"GROWING INTELLECT KEPT PACE WITH GIANT BODIES, AND FINALLY A GREAT CIVILIZATION WAS BUILT! BUT MY RACE SPLIT INTO WARRING FACTIONS, CREATED STRANGE NEW BATTLE DEVICES..."



MANY THOUSANDS WILL DIE FROM THIS DAY'S WORK! IT IS GOOD!

I PLEADED TO DEVOTE OUR SCIENCE TO PEACE, NOT WAR...AND AS A PUNISHMENT, WAS WALLED UP IN THIS TOMB! AND SINCE NO TRACE OF MY RACE IS LEFT ON EARTH, WHAT I FEARED MUST HAVE HAPPENED! OUR STRANGE WEAPONS RAN RIOT, DESTROYING EVERY VESTIGE OF OUR CIVILIZATION!



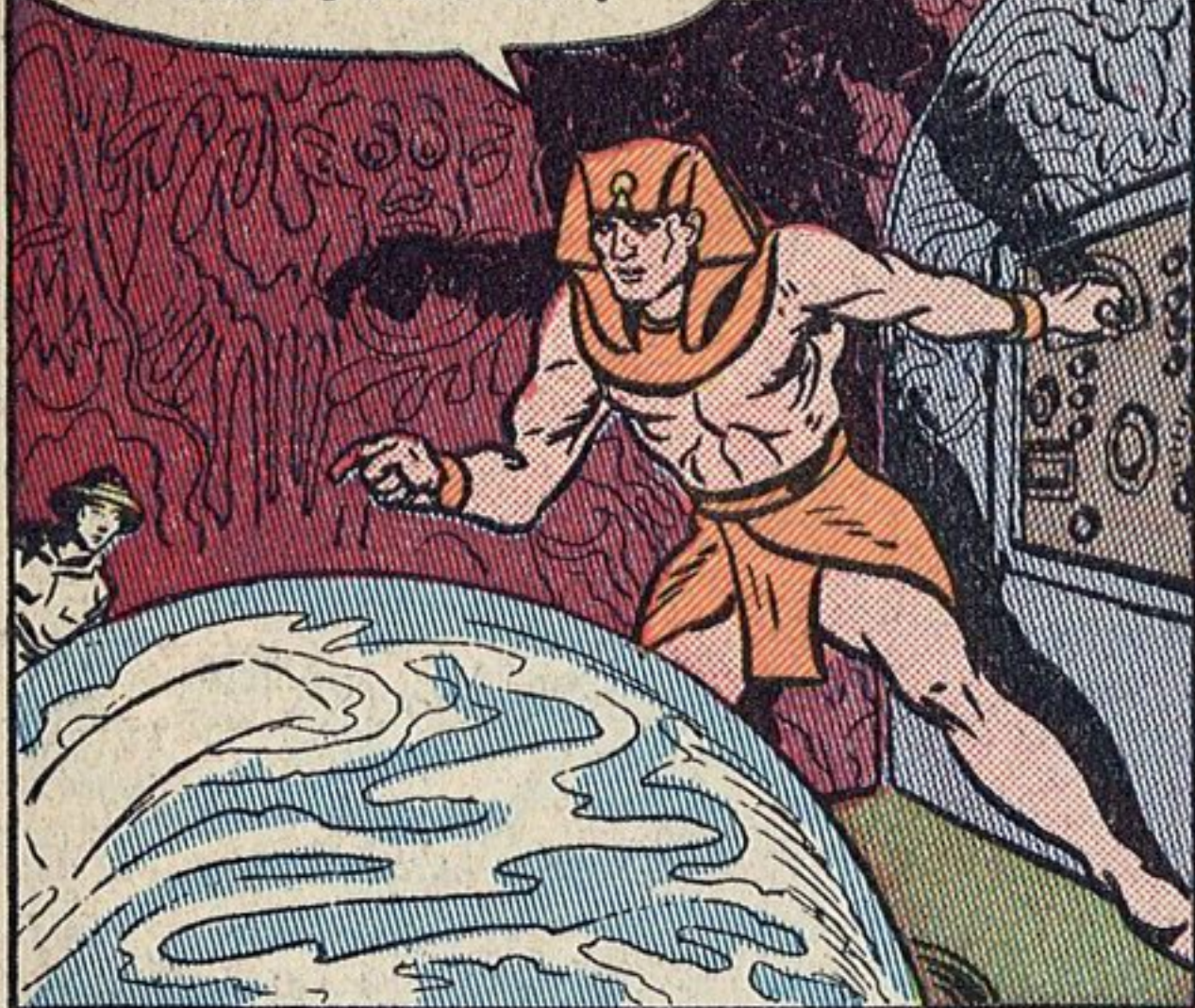
IF ALL THIS IS TRUE, HOW COME THIS TOMB SURVIVED...AND YOU ALONG WITH IT?



SO YOU ARE RELUCTANT TO BELIEVE! COME...LET ME PROVE THE TRUTH OF MY WORDS!



THIS, TOO, WAS A PRODUCT OF OUR DEAD CIVILIZATION! IT MIRRORS THE PAST, SHOWS WHAT HAPPENED ON EARTH MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO! **WATCH!**



OUR CAUSE IS A GLORIOUS ONE! WE MUST ATTACK OUR ENEMIES, DESTROY THEM!



GOOD GOSH!

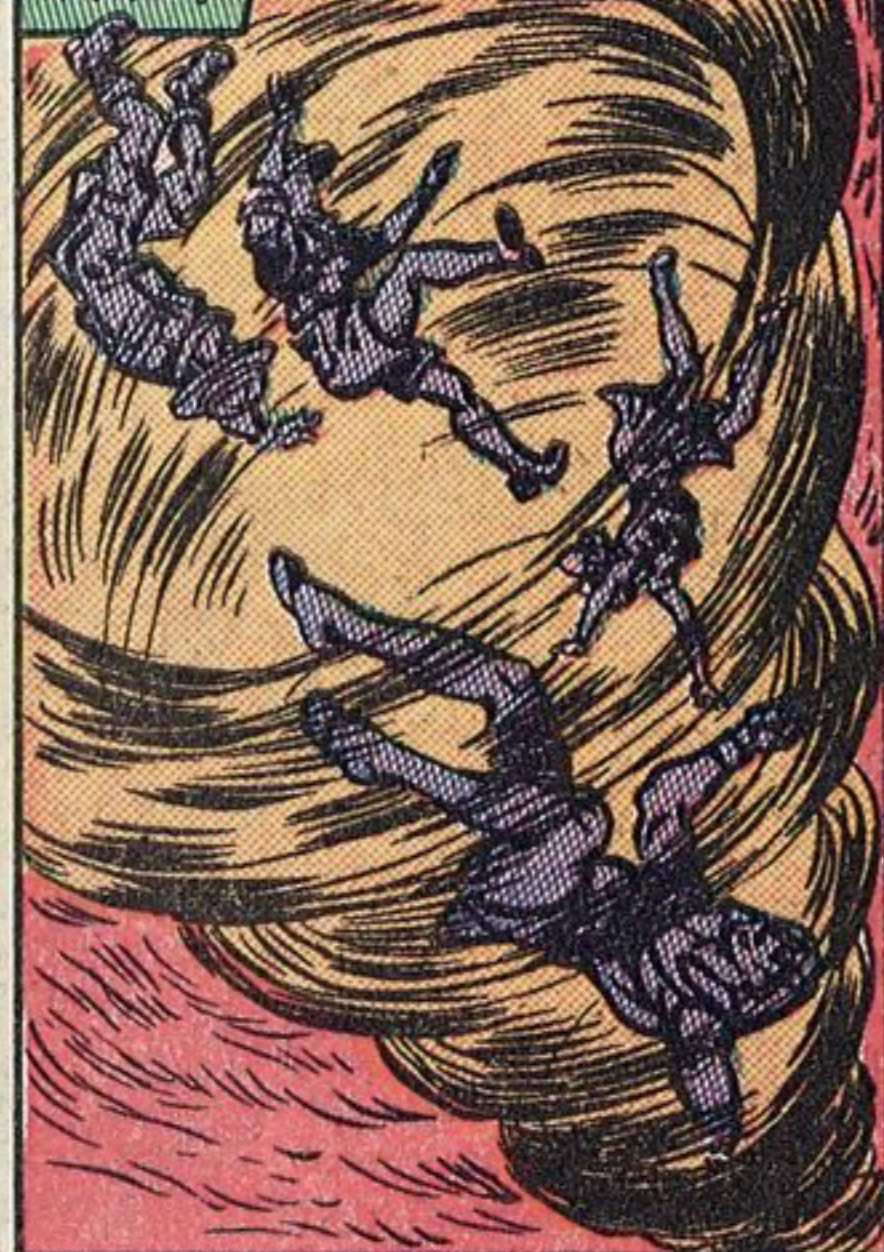
HOW DO WE KNOW THIS ISN'T SOME SCIENTIFIC TRICK? DON'T THINK WE **BELIEVE** EVERYTHING, JUST BECAUSE OF A PICTURE IN SOME FORTUNE-TELLER'S CRYSTAL!

THE CRYSTAL CAN PROJECT US BACK BODILY THROUGH TIME...GIVE YOU **FURTHER** PROOF! AND SINCE THE LESSON I HAVE TO TEACH IS IMPORTANT ENOUGH, WE'LL GO BACK TO THE PERIOD WHEN **GIANTS STRODE THE EARTH!**

YOU'LL SEE NOW... AND LEARN FOR YOURSELVES!



BACK, BACK, BACK...THROUGH THE SWIRLING MISTS OF TIME!

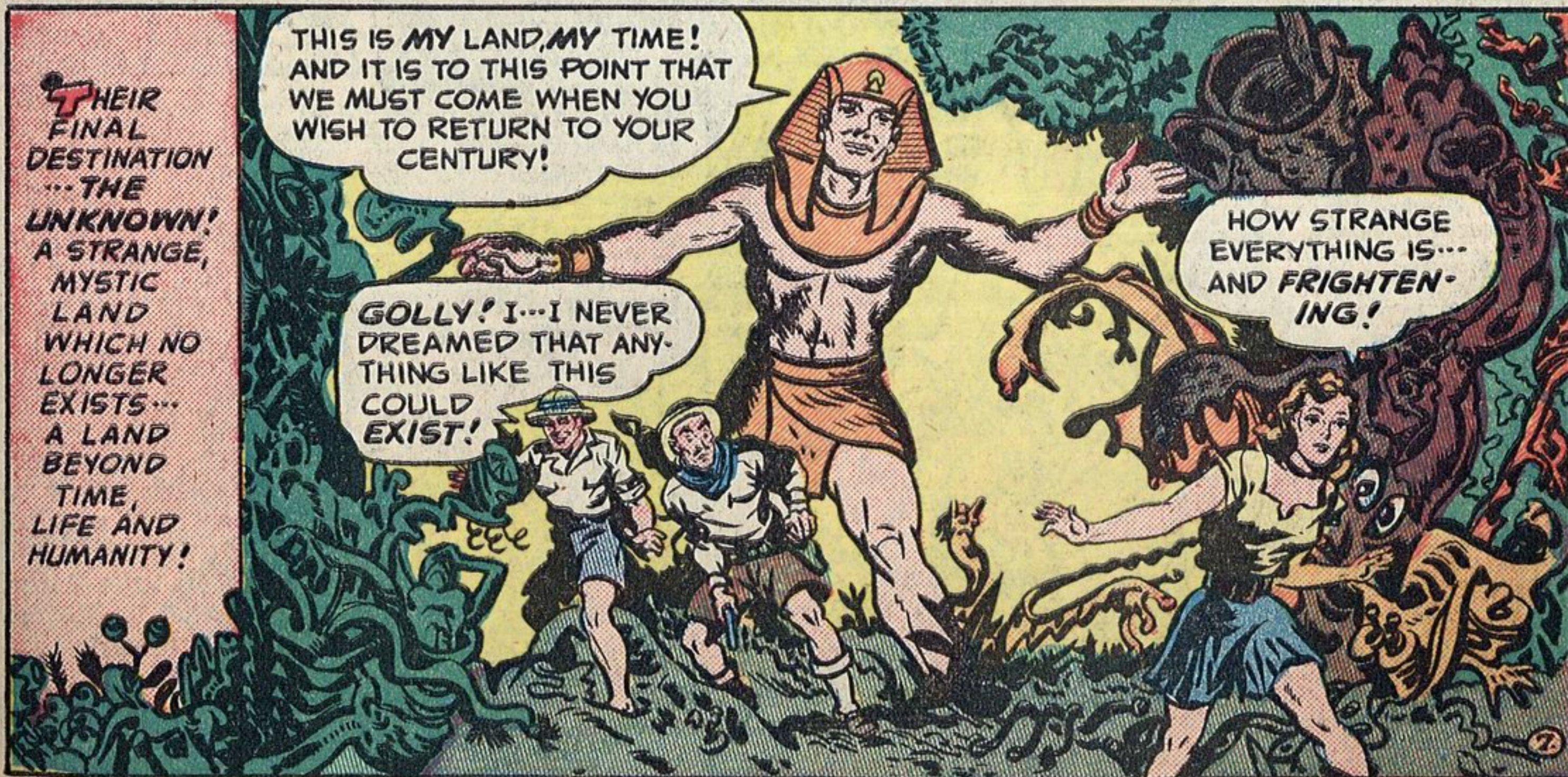


**THEIR FINAL DESTINATION...THE UNKNOWN!** A STRANGE, MYSTIC LAND WHICH NO LONGER EXISTS... A LAND BEYOND TIME, LIFE AND HUMANITY!

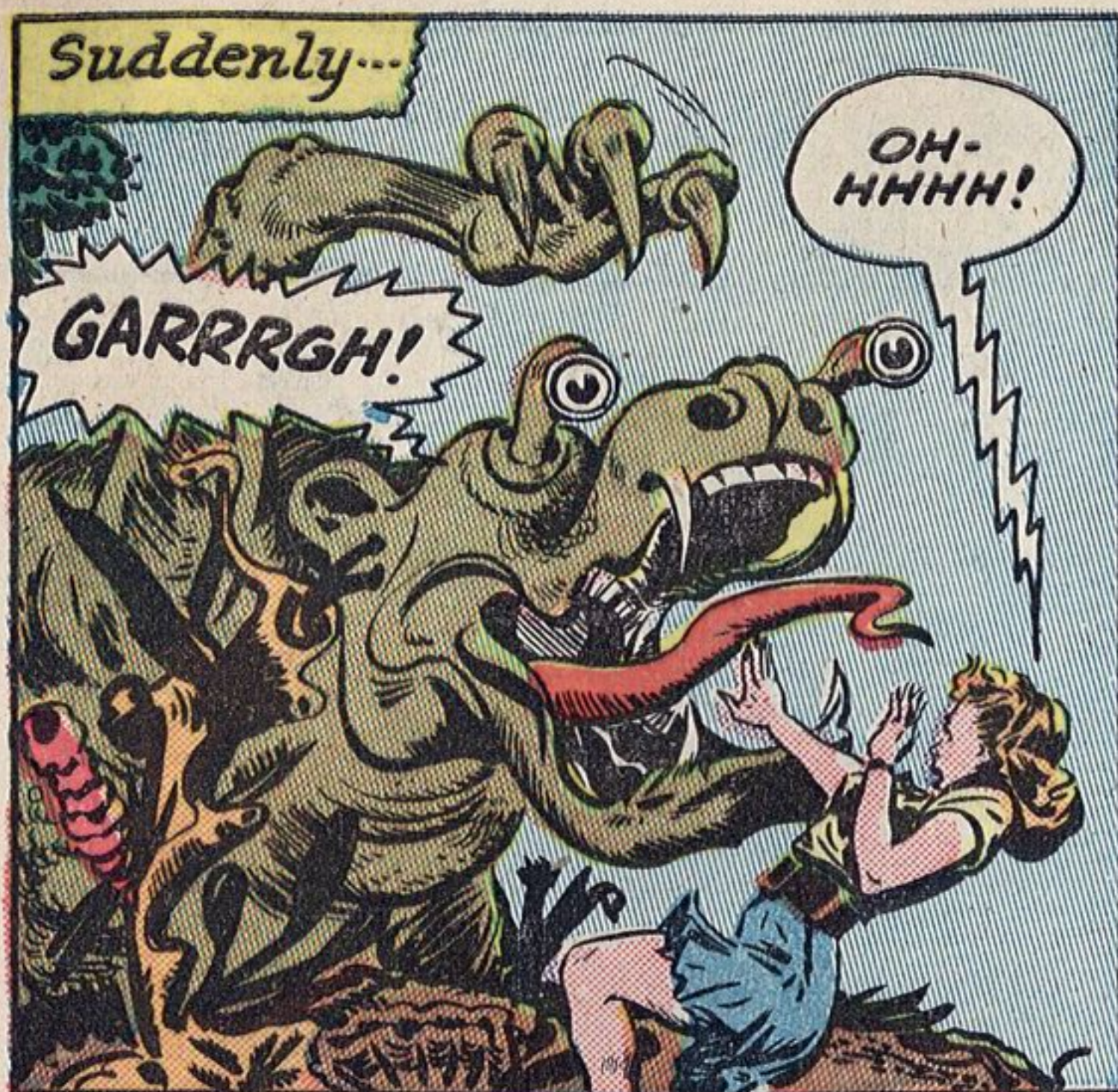
THIS IS MY LAND, MY TIME! AND IT IS TO THIS POINT THAT WE MUST COME WHEN YOU WISH TO RETURN TO YOUR CENTURY!

GOLLY! I...I NEVER DREAMED THAT ANYTHING LIKE THIS COULD EXIST!

HOW STRANGE EVERYTHING IS... AND FRIGHTENING!







Then... OUT OF THE WEIRD FOREST, AND INTO A NEW WONDERLAND! THIS TIME, EL-RANO'S CITY... A NEW ADVENTURE INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN!







THAT'S HIM...  
LISTEN!

OUR CAUSE IS  
A GLORIOUS ONE!  
WE MUST ATTACK OUR  
ENEMIES, DESTROY  
THEM!

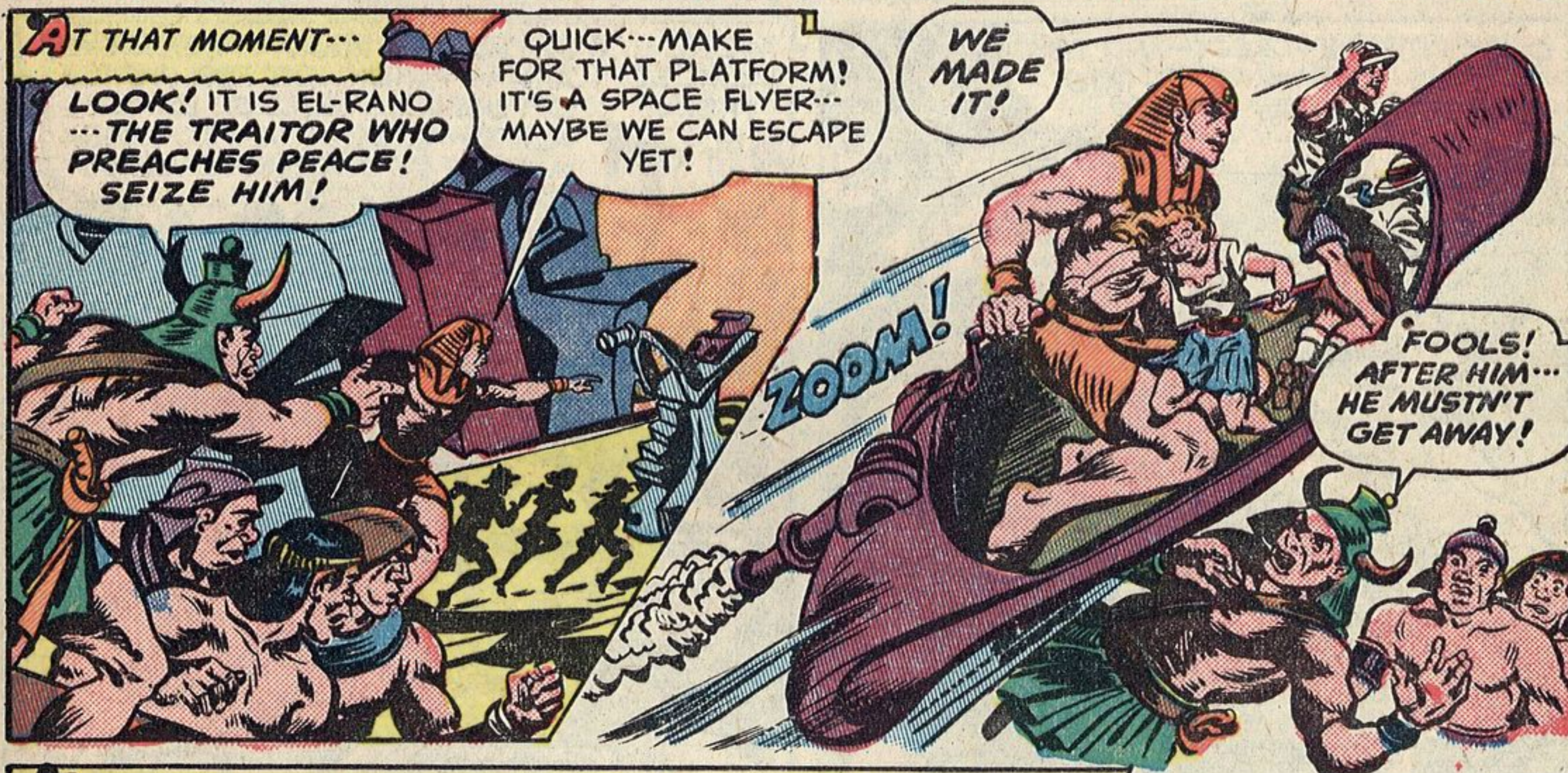
HURRAH!

HAIL  
EL-CLANI,  
OUR  
LEADER!



WAR! WAR  
ON THE  
ENEMY!  
FROM A  
THOUSAND  
FIERCE  
THROATS,  
THE CLAMOR  
GOES UP...  
AND EL-CLANI  
ACTS!  
TOUCHING  
A SERIES  
OF CONTROLS,  
HE UNLEASHES  
THE HORROR  
OF STRANGE  
WEAPONS OF  
NIGHTMARE  
DESTRUCTION!

THE BATTLE IS ON  
...AND THESE NEW  
WEAPONS WILL WIPE  
OUT OUR ENEMIES  
LIKE ANTS!



AT THAT MOMENT...

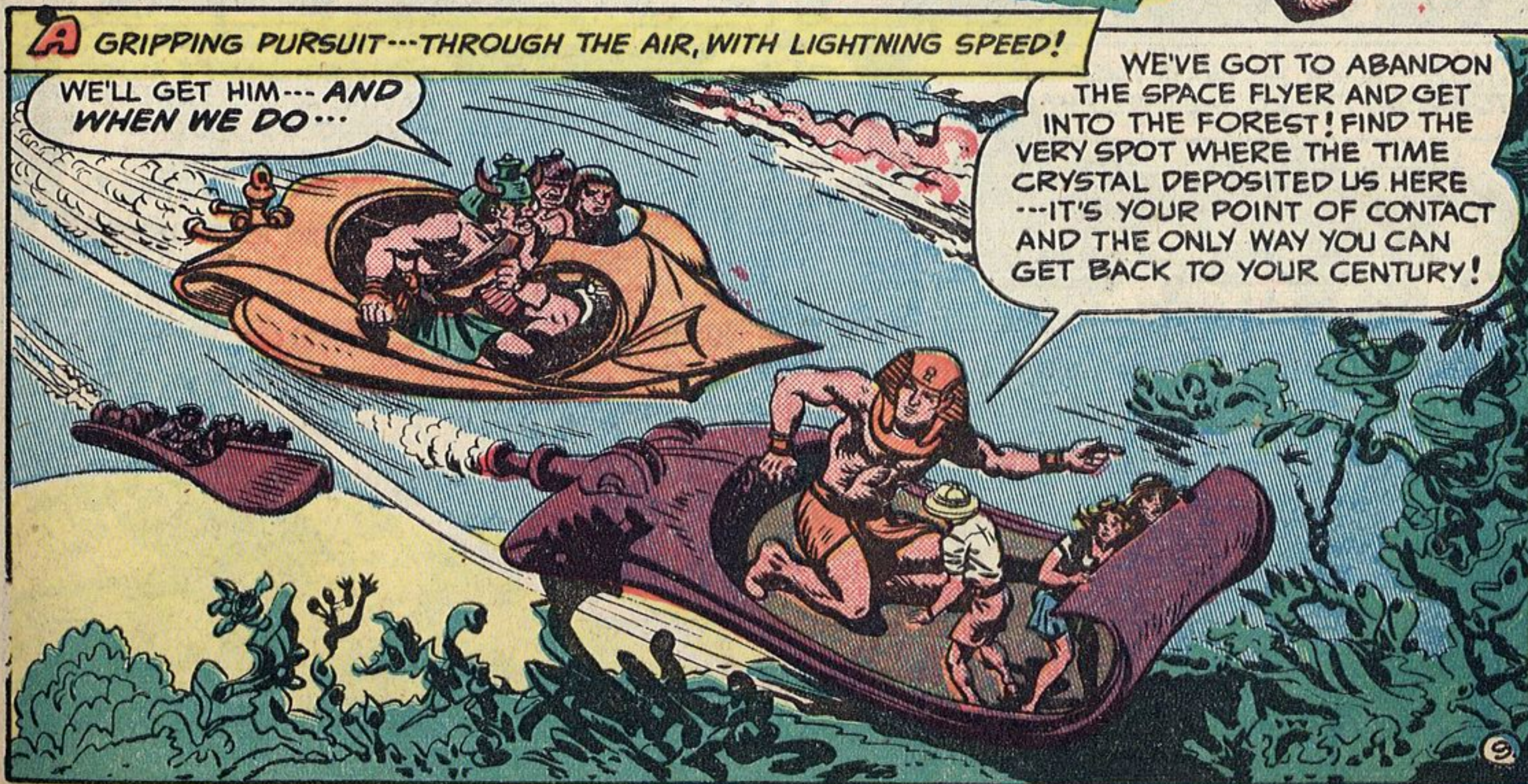
LOOK! IT IS EL-RANO  
...THE TRAITOR WHO  
PREACHES PEACE!  
SEIZE HIM!

QUICK...MAKE  
FOR THAT PLATFORM!  
IT'S A SPACE FLYER...  
MAYBE WE CAN ESCAPE  
YET!

WE  
MADE  
IT!

ZOOM!

FOOLS!  
AFTER HIM...  
HE MUSTN'T  
GET AWAY!



A GRIPPING PURSUIT...THROUGH THE AIR, WITH LIGHTNING SPEED!

WE'LL GET HIM... AND  
WHEN WE DO...

WE'VE GOT TO ABANDON  
THE SPACE FLYER AND GET  
INTO THE FOREST! FIND THE  
VERY SPOT WHERE THE TIME  
CRYSTAL DEPOSITED US HERE  
...IT'S YOUR POINT OF CONTACT  
AND THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN  
GET BACK TO YOUR CENTURY!



**BUT MORTAL SPEED IS NO MATCH FOR THE GIANT STRIDES OF EL-CLANI!**

I CAN'T DESERT THEM NOW...EVEN IF IT MEANS MY CAPTURE!

HA! I MIGHT KNOW THAT PEACE-PREACHING COWARD WOULD MAKE FRIENDS OF DWARVES!

HE'S...GOT US!

HELP!



QUICK, INTO THE FOREST...AND TRY TO MAKE YOUR WAY BACK INTO YOUR TIME! I'LL TRY TO HOLD THEM OFF...

COME ON!



WE'RE...ALMOST THERE!

WE'VE GOT YOU NOW, EL-RANO! AND AS PUNISHMENT FOR HAVING OPPOSED ME, YOU'LL BE BURIED ALIVE; WALLED UP IN A TOMB IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION FOR ETERNITY!

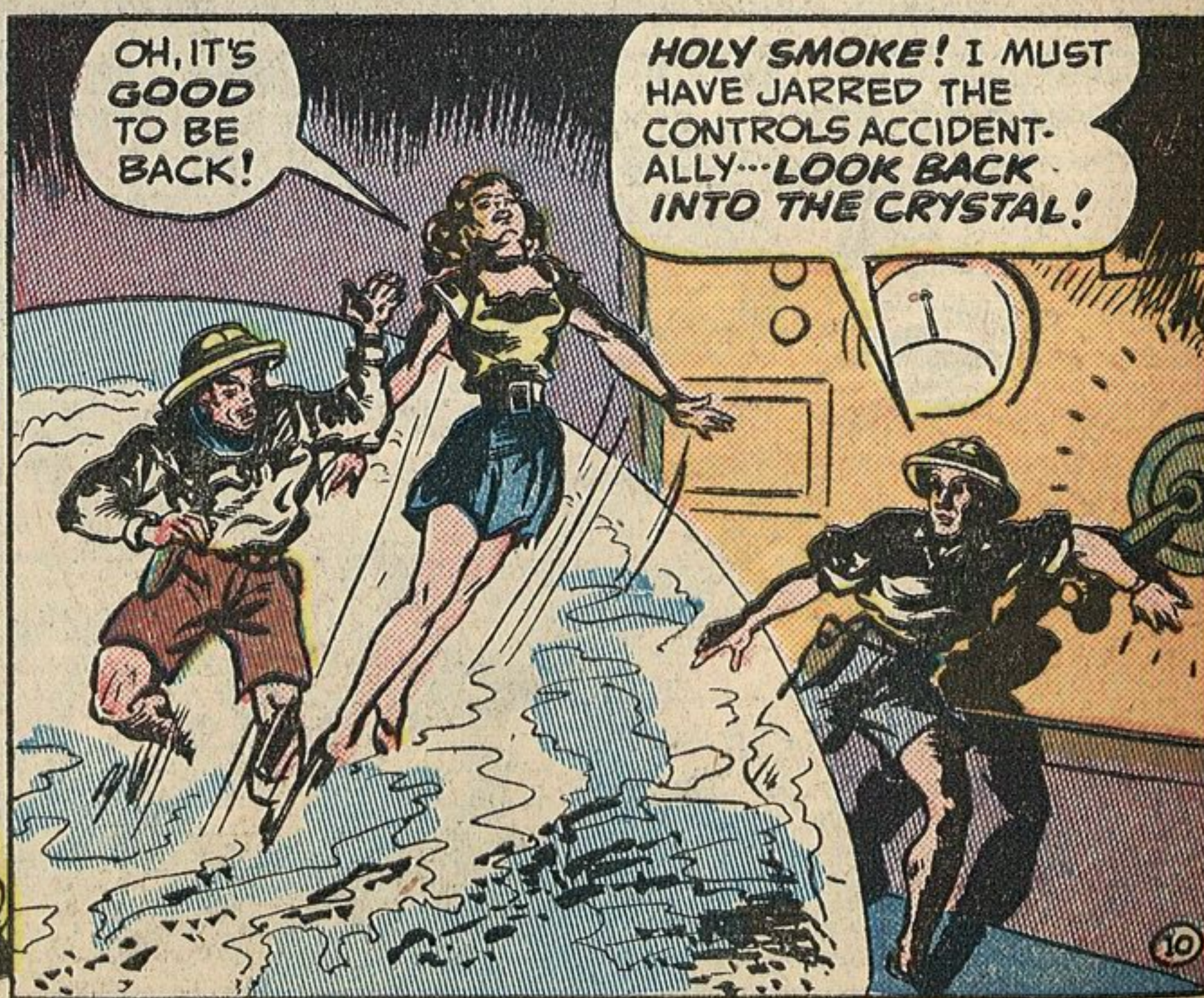


Then...BACK THROUGH TIME TOWARDS THE 20TH CENTURY!



OH, IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK!

HOLY SMOKE! I MUST HAVE JARRED THE CONTROLS ACCIDENTALLY...LOOK BACK INTO THE CRYSTAL!

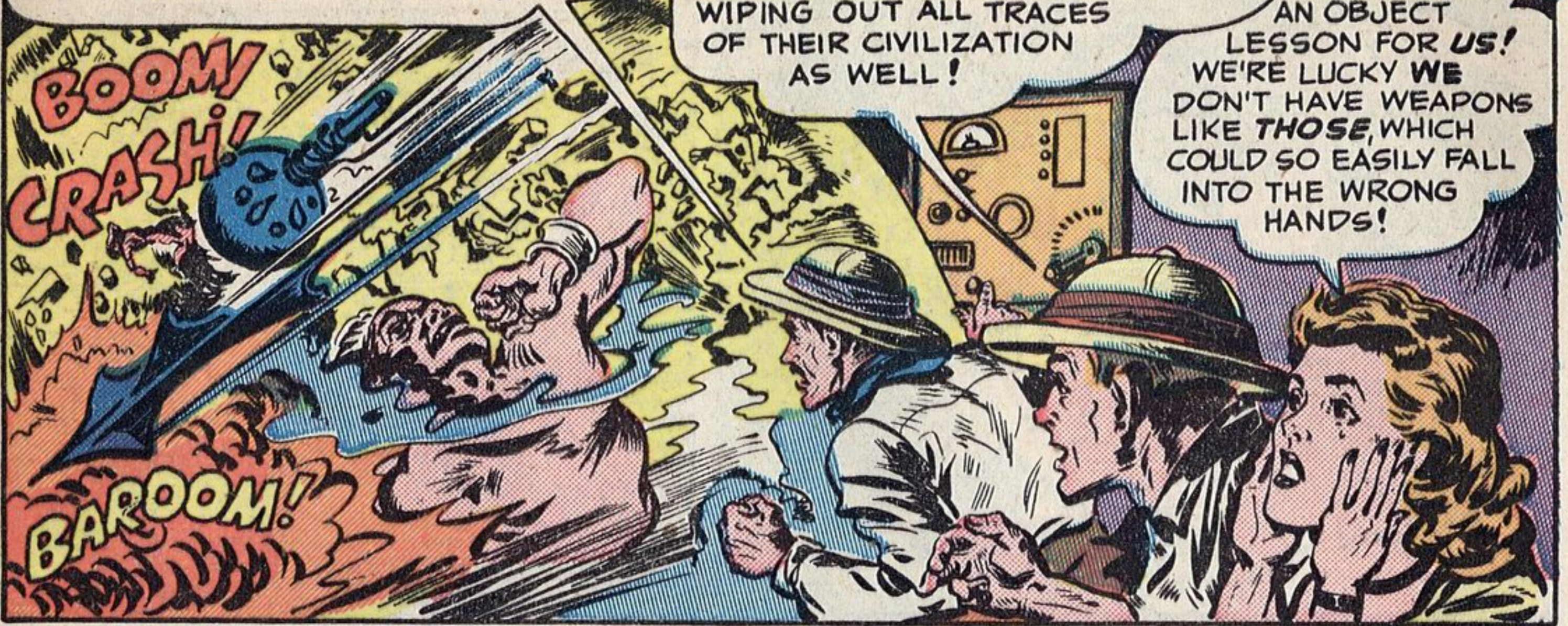




GREAT HEAVENS! YOU'VE MOVED THE CONTROLS TO ABOUT A YEAR LATER...AND THE GIANTS' ENEMIES ARE HAVING THEIR INNING!

SO THAT EXPLAINS WHY THE GIANTS HAVE VANISHED! WARFARE LIKE THAT WOULD END UP BY NOT ONLY DESTROYING EVERY LAST MEMBER OF THE RACE, BUT WIPING OUT ALL TRACES OF THEIR CIVILIZATION AS WELL!

LET THAT BE AN OBJECT LESSON FOR US! WE'RE LUCKY WE DON'T HAVE WEAPONS LIKE *THOSE*, WHICH COULD SO EASILY FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS!



LOOK! IT'S THE MUMMY OF EL-RANO, LYING THERE AGAIN AS IF ALL THIS HAD NEVER TAKEN PLACE!

SURE! WHERE WE'VE BEEN AND WHAT WE'VE SEEN ALL TOOK PLACE THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO! APPARENTLY THE SENTENCE WAS CARRIED OUT, AND HE NOW LIES THERE, AS HE HAD BEEN PLACED! BUT...WHERE'S CLINTON?



I STAYED DOWN THERE...TO GATHER *THESE*! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED POWER, FAME...AND NOW THEY'RE MINE! WITH THESE WEAPONS, I CAN RULE THE WORLD! AND IF ANYBODY... EVEN ARMIES... TRY TO STOP ME, I'LL WIPE THEM OUT LIKE FLIES!



YOU...YOU'RE *CRAZY*! IF YOU DO THAT, YOU'RE CONDEMNING THE HUMAN RACE TO THE SAME SENSELESS DESTRUCTION WHICH WIPED OUT THE GIANTS!

TRYING TO STAND IN MY WAY, ARE YOU...YOU *FOOL*! THEN YOU'LL BE MY FIRST VICTIM!

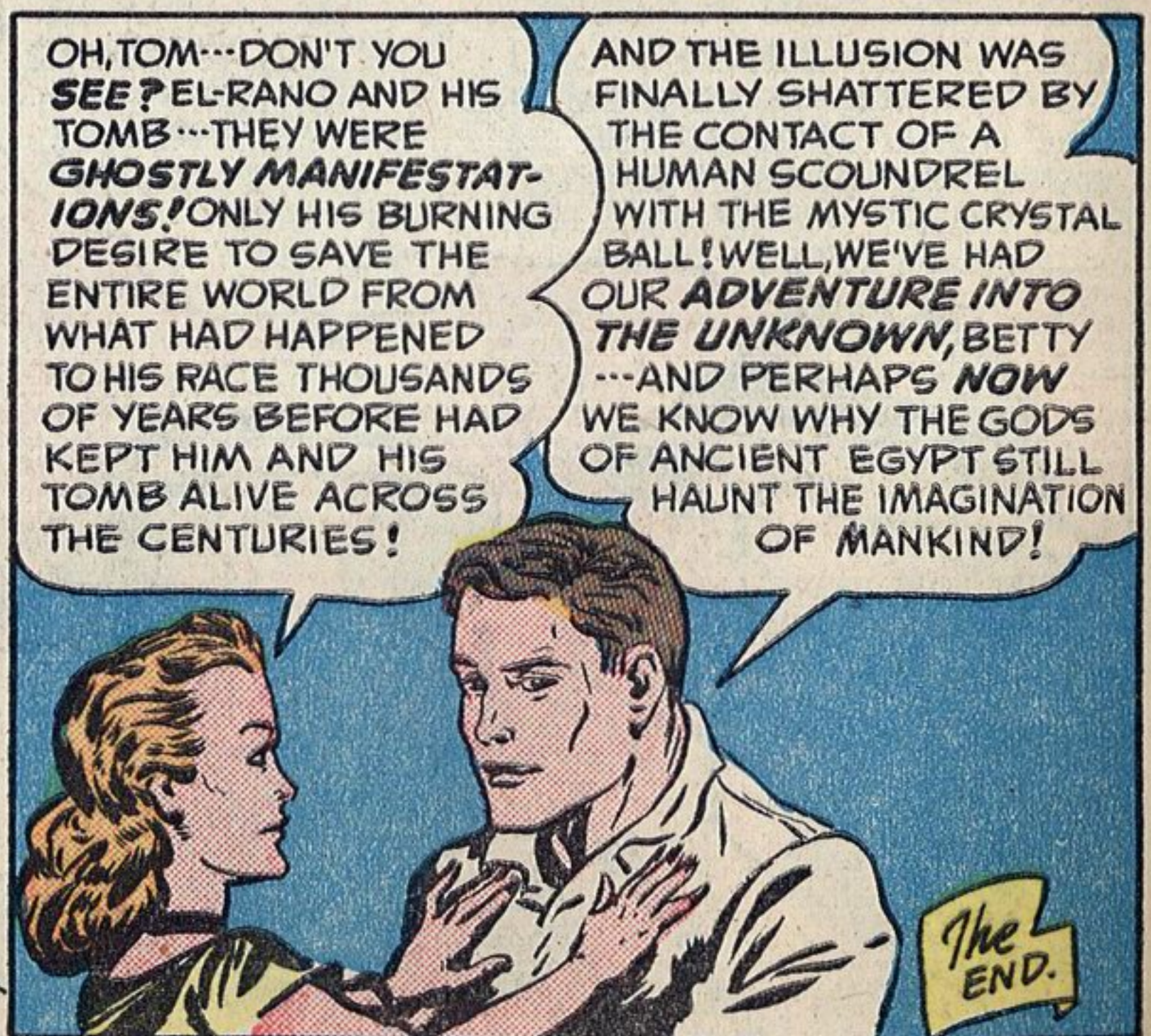
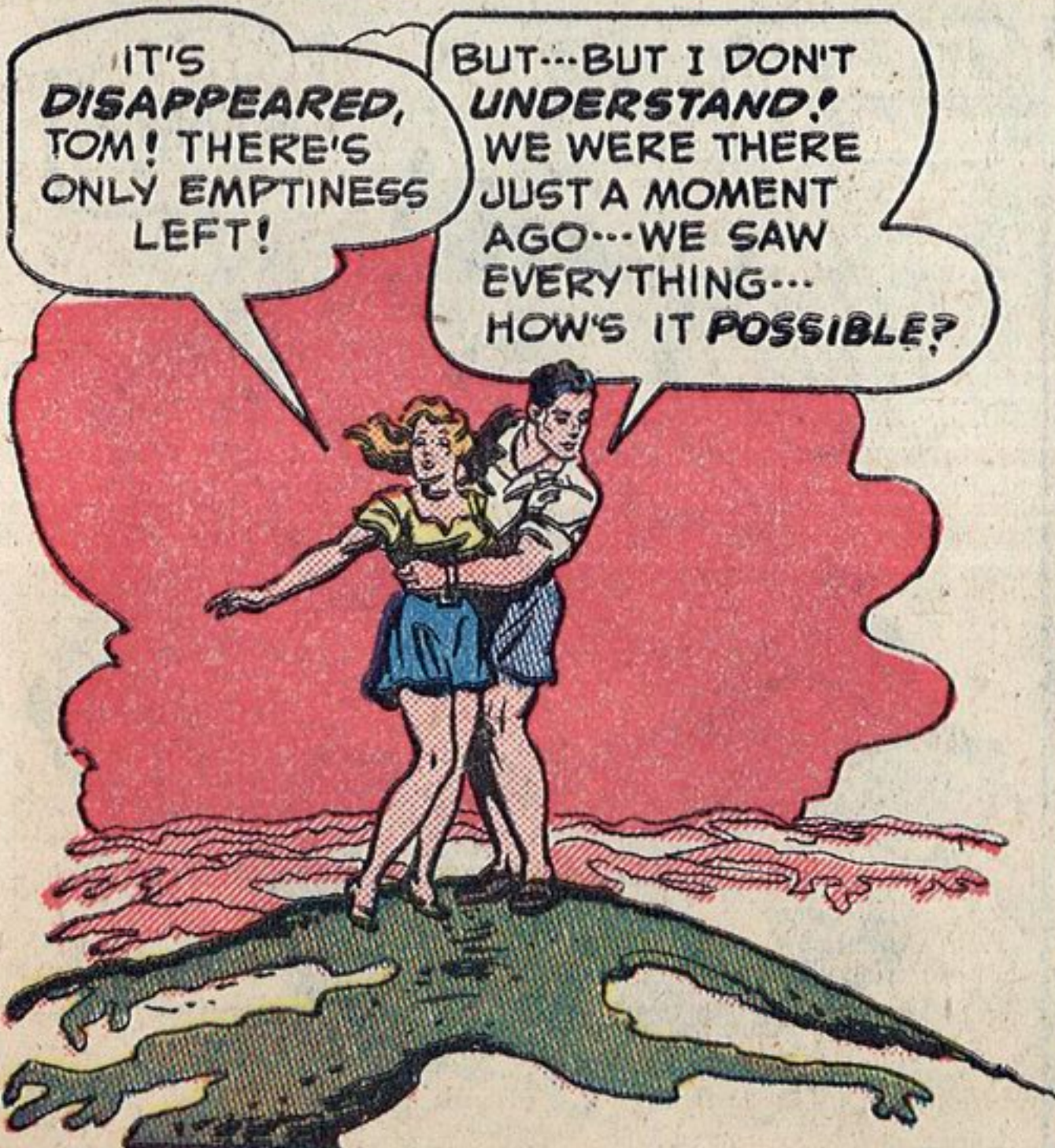
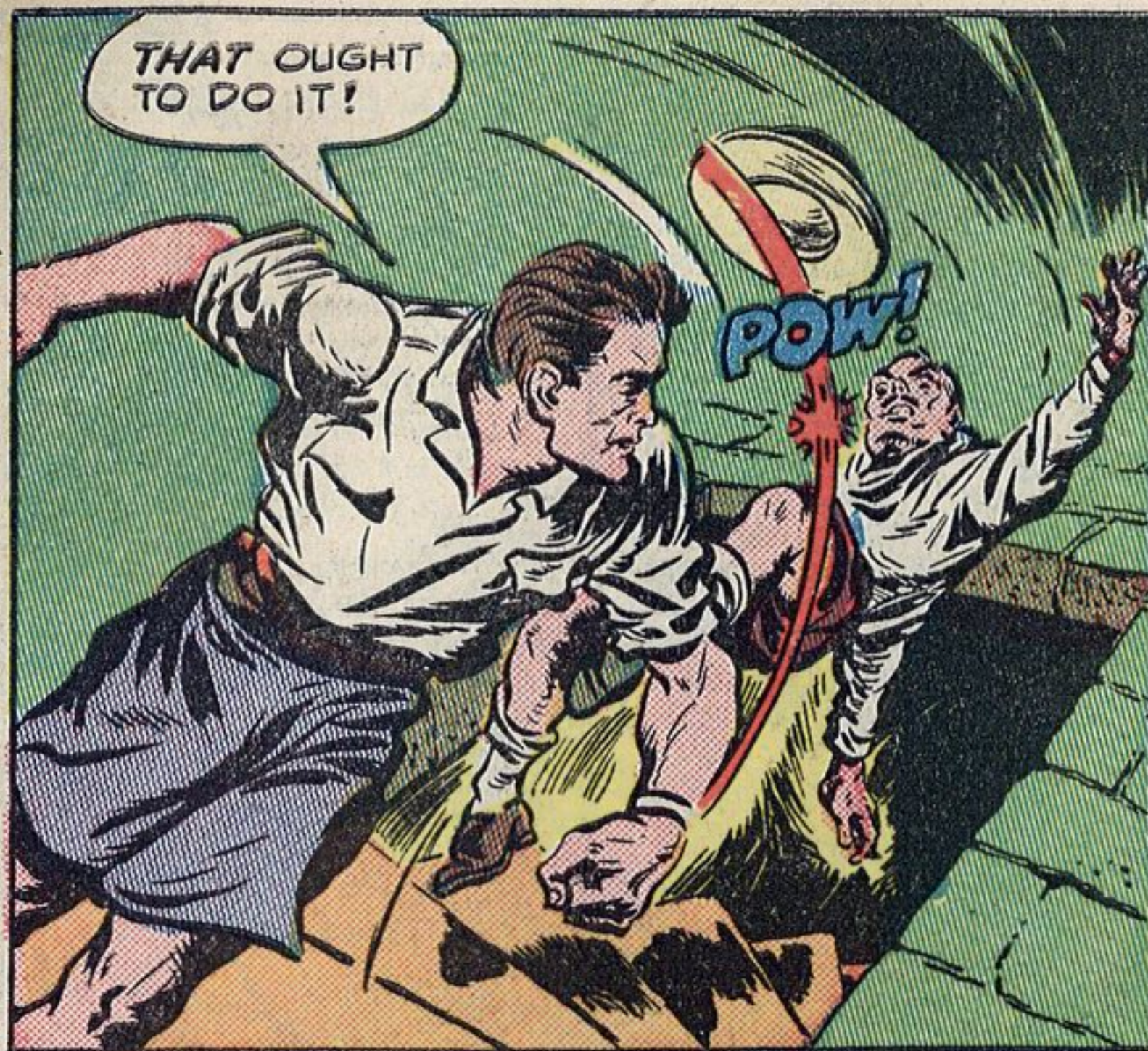


I'LL...STOP YOU IF IT'S THE LAST...

UGH!

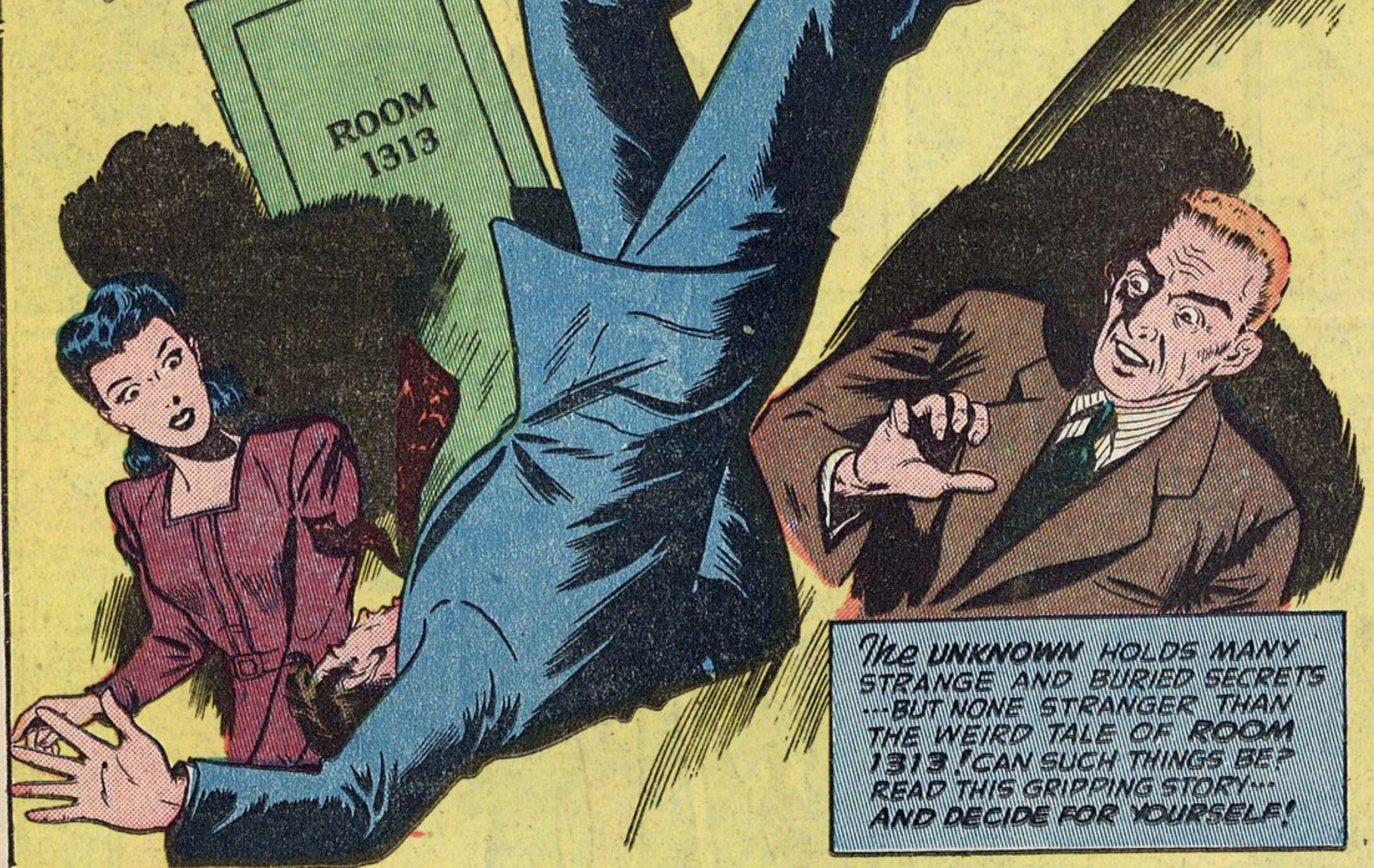








# The AFFAIR of ROOM 1313



THE UNKNOWN HOLDS MANY STRANGE AND BURIED SECRETS...BUT NONE STRANGER THAN THE WEIRD TALE OF ROOM 1313! CAN SUCH THINGS BE? READ THIS GRIPPING STORY... AND DECIDE FOR YOURSELF!







MACDOWELL, MASON, MERCHANTS, INC... BUT NO MACLEISH! I **KNOW** THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE... I'LL ASK AN ELEVATOR OPERATOR!



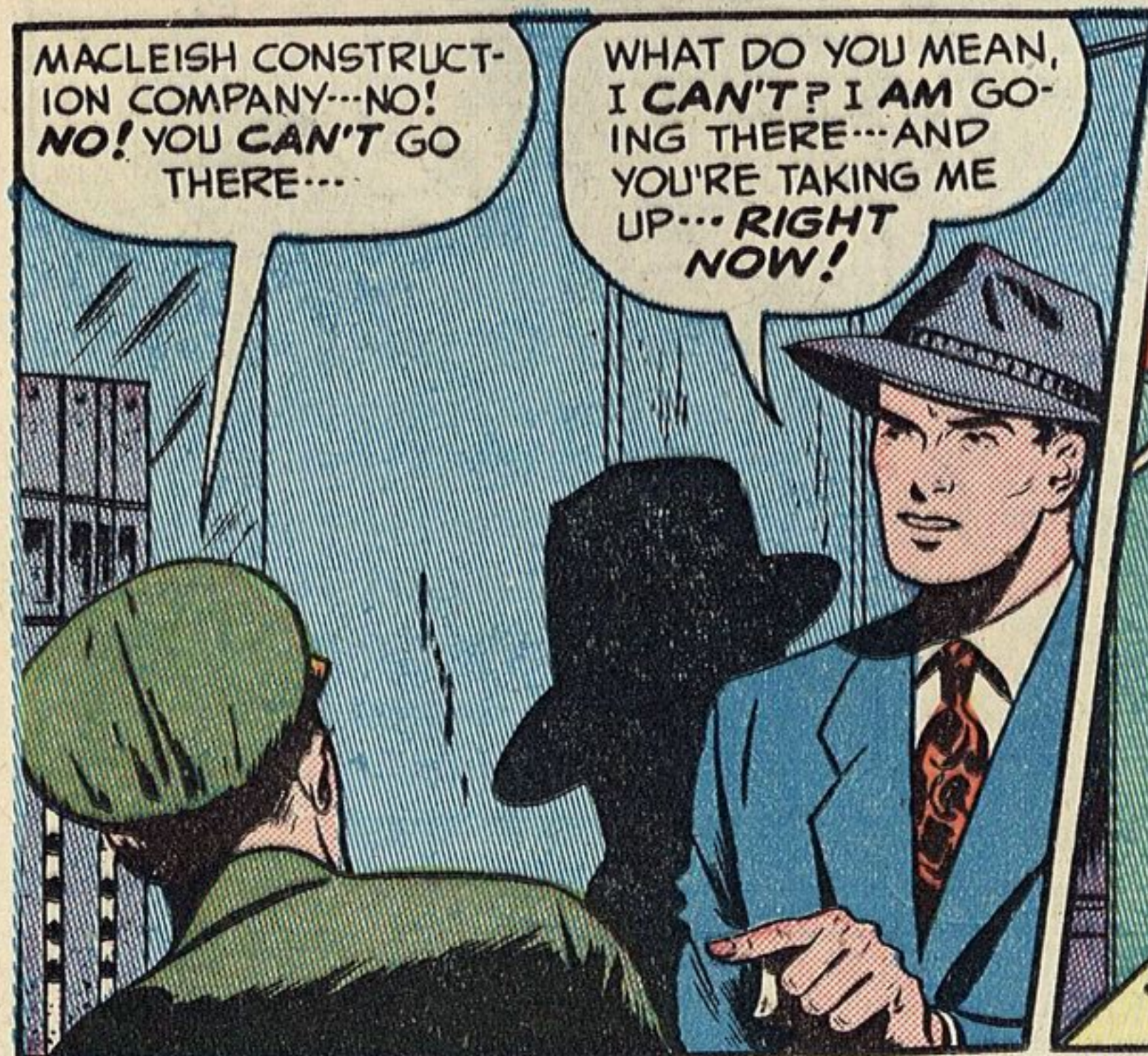
BLAZES, THIS CROWD IS WORSE THAN AN ARMY MESS HALL! **HEY!** THAT LAST ELEVATOR'S EMPTY... JUST **WAITING FOR ME!** WHAT LUCK!



IT NEVER OCCURRED TO JOHN ABBOTT TO QUESTION HIS "LUCK"... THAT EMPTY ELEVATOR!

RIGHT THIS WAY, SIR... **GOING UP!**

I'M LOOKING FOR THE MACLEISH CONSTRUCTION COMPANY!



MACLEISH CONSTRUCTION COMPANY... NO! NO! YOU CAN'T GO THERE...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, I CAN'T? I AM GOING THERE... AND YOU'RE TAKING ME UP... **RIGHT NOW!**



HERE-YOU-ARE-SIR! **ROOM... 1313!**

ROOM 1313? OKAY... WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S NO SUCH ROOM HERE... THERE'S JUST A **BLANK WALL** BETWEEN 1312 AND 1314!



HE DOESN'T SEEM TO **HEAR ME!** HE LOOKS SO **STRANGE!**

I SAID THERE IS NO ROOM **1313!**



WELL, I'LL BE...! I WOULD HAVE **SWORN** THAT WAS NOTHING BUT A **BLANK WALL!** BUT IT IS ROOM **1313... WAITING FOR ME!**



WHAT A **MUSTY** PLACE...IT FEELS **HOT AND COLD** AT THE SAME TIME! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS OFFICE...THAT OLD MAN...! BUT THE GIRL...SHE'S **BEAUTIFUL!**

I AM CASPER MACLEISH! YOU ...YOU WISH TO SEE ME?

THIS IS MY SECRETARY, ELLEN ROGERS!

I'M JOHN ABBOTT, MR. MACLEISH! I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT INSURANCE...**ACCIDENT INSURANCE!**

**ACCIDENT INSURANCE?** YES, OF COURSE! I...I ONLY WISH I'D GOTTEN SOME EARLIER! YOU SEE, I'VE **LEARNED MY LESSON!**

THANK YOU, MR. MACLEISH! YOU'RE DOING A WISE THING! SIGN RIGHT HERE!

THE GIRL...SHE HAS SUCH A NICE SMILE! I MUST TALK TO HER!

THANK YOU TOO, MISS ROGERS! IT ISN'T **EVERY** SALE THAT'S AS ...AS PLEASANT AS **THIS ONE!**

YOU'RE A GOOD SALESMAN, MR. ABBOTT! UP HERE, WE NEVER SEE PEOPLE...**LIKE YOU!**

LOOK! ELLEN...MISS ROGERS! FORGIVE ME...I DON'T USUALLY ACT THIS WAY! BUT I'VE NEVER MET A GIRL LIKE **YOU** BEFORE!

NO...I DON'T THINK ...YOU HAVE...

COULDN'T... COULDN'T I MEET YOU SOME-TIME AFTER WORK? I'LL WAIT FOR YOU ...**TONIGHT!**

NO! NOT TONIGHT ...OR **ANY NIGHT!** THAT'S...IMPOSSIBLE! I'M **AFRAID** ...HE'LL FIND YOU HERE...

... **MR. GREGORY!**





WHO...WHO'S HE...AND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? IS HE JEALOUS?

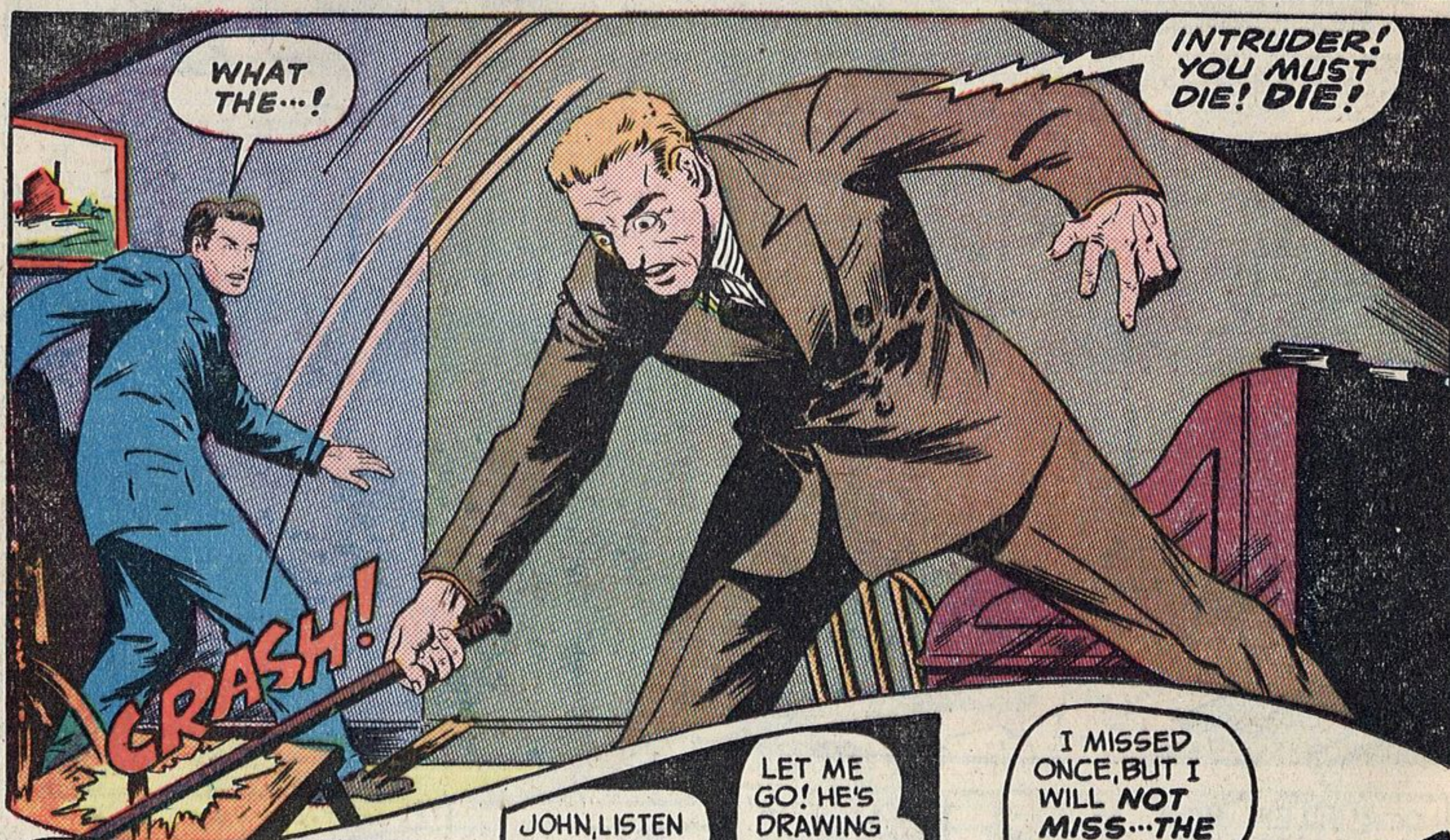
NO, JOHN! BELIEVE ME, HE'S NOT JEALOUS!

WHAT...ARE... YOU...DOING ...HERE?



YOU'RE A RASH FOOL! FOR COMING HERE...AND FOR LETTING ME FIND YOU! AND FOR YOUR FOLLY...YOU MUST PAY!

THAT LOOK IN HIS EYE... HE'S MAD!



WHAT THE...!

INTRUDER! YOU MUST DIE! DIE!

CRASH!



HE COULD HAVE KILLED ME... THE MANIAC! A GOOD STIFF POKE IN THE JAW...

NO! YOU MUST NOT TRY TO FIGHT! NOT WITH HIM!



JOHN, LISTEN TO ME! I'VE GOT TO SAVE YOU!

LET ME GO! HE'S DRAWING A SWORD!



I MISSED ONCE, BUT I WILL NOT MISS...THE SECOND TIME!



PLEASE, LET HIM GO... **THIS TIME!** LET HIM LIVE! HE'S INNOCENT... HE CAME HERE BY MISTAKE! PLEASE!

**LET HIM COME!** I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM!



THAT MAN'S A DANGEROUS MANIAC... I WON'T LEAVE YOU WITH HIM! I'LL GET THE POLICE!

NO, FORGET THE POLICE! FOR MY SAKE, **FORGET ALL OF THIS...** AND **DON'T COME BACK!** HE HAS THREATENED YOU **TWICE!** **NOTHING** CAN SAVE YOU THE **THIRD TIME!** GO NOW... GO!



**HAW-HAW!** QUITE A BOY, THIS ABBOTT!

CAME BACK WITH MACLEISH'S SIGNATURE, HE SAYS! **WOTTA COMEDIAN!** TELL US, ABBOTT, HOW'D YOU LEARN MACLEISH HAD BEEN OUT OF BUSINESS FOR 25 YEARS?

**WHAT?**

AND SO, HIS HEART GRIPPED BY A STRANGE UNEASE, JOHN ABBOTT RETURNS...

I...UH...GOT THE ORDER, BOYS! THANKS FOR THE... THE TIP!

**HUH?**...HE'S FOUND OUT, AND NOW HE'S TRYING TO TURN THE JOKE ON US! **LET'S SEE THAT ORDER!**



**THE BLOOD POUNDED IN ABBOTT'S TEMPLES!** WHAT GRISLY JEST WAS THIS?

**OUT OF BUSINESS FOR 25 YEARS...IT CAN'T BE!** I WAS THERE MYSELF...SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES! I MUST BE...**LOSING MY MIND!**



**WEEDESS OF THE GIRL'S STRANGE WARNING...**

THIRTEENTH FLOOR, PLEASE... **ROOM 1313!**

YES, SIR...**WHAT?** WHAT DID YOU SAY, MISTER?



**THERE IS NO THIRTEENTH FLOOR IN THIS BUILDING!**

**NO... NO!**





YOU MUST BE A NEWCOMER AROUND HERE...OR A REAL **OLD-TIMER!** WE USED TO HAVE A THIRTEENTH FLOOR! NOW IT'S 12A... **FOR LUCK!**

BUT...BUT THE OTHER ELEVATOR BOY...THE SHORT, RED-HAIRED FELLOW WITH A FACEFUL OF FRECKLES...

BUD, YOU'RE WAY OFF! I NEVER SAW **ANYONE** AROUND HERE LOOKED LIKE **THAT!** HERE'S 12A...THAT THE FLOOR YOU WANT?

YES, MAYBE THIS IS THE FLOOR I... I WANT...

BUT THERE IS NO ROOM 1313! THE WALL'S BLANK AGAIN!

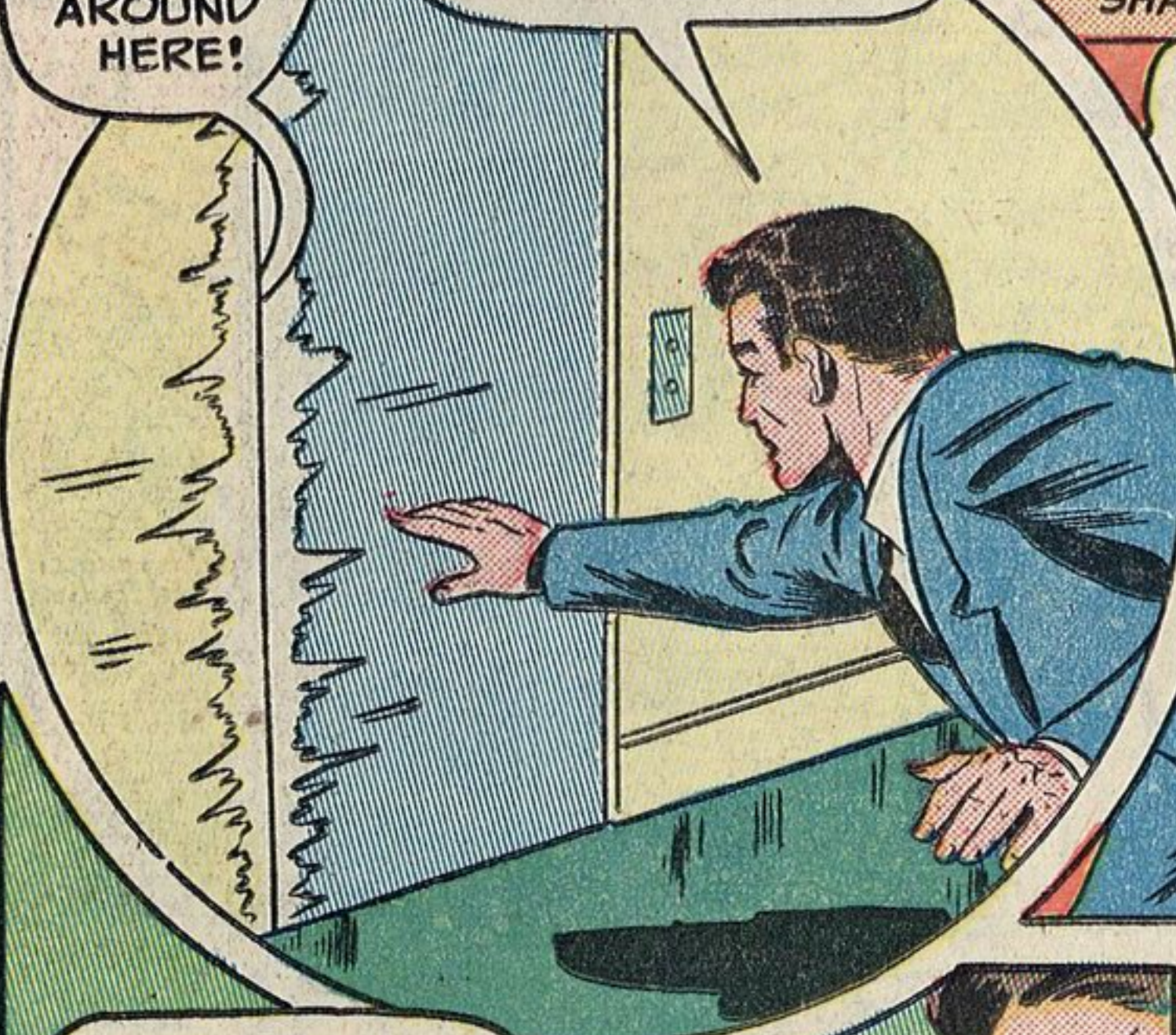


BOY, YOU MEET ALL KINDS AROUND HERE!

WAIT...DON'T GO! COME BACK...I... I'M AFRAID!

WHAT WEIRD MYSTERY WAS THIS? WHY WAS ABBOTT'S HEART THUDDING SO FURIOUSLY? THAT LOOMING SHADOW...THE TAPPING OF A CANE...

PLEASE, NO! IT CAN'T BE...



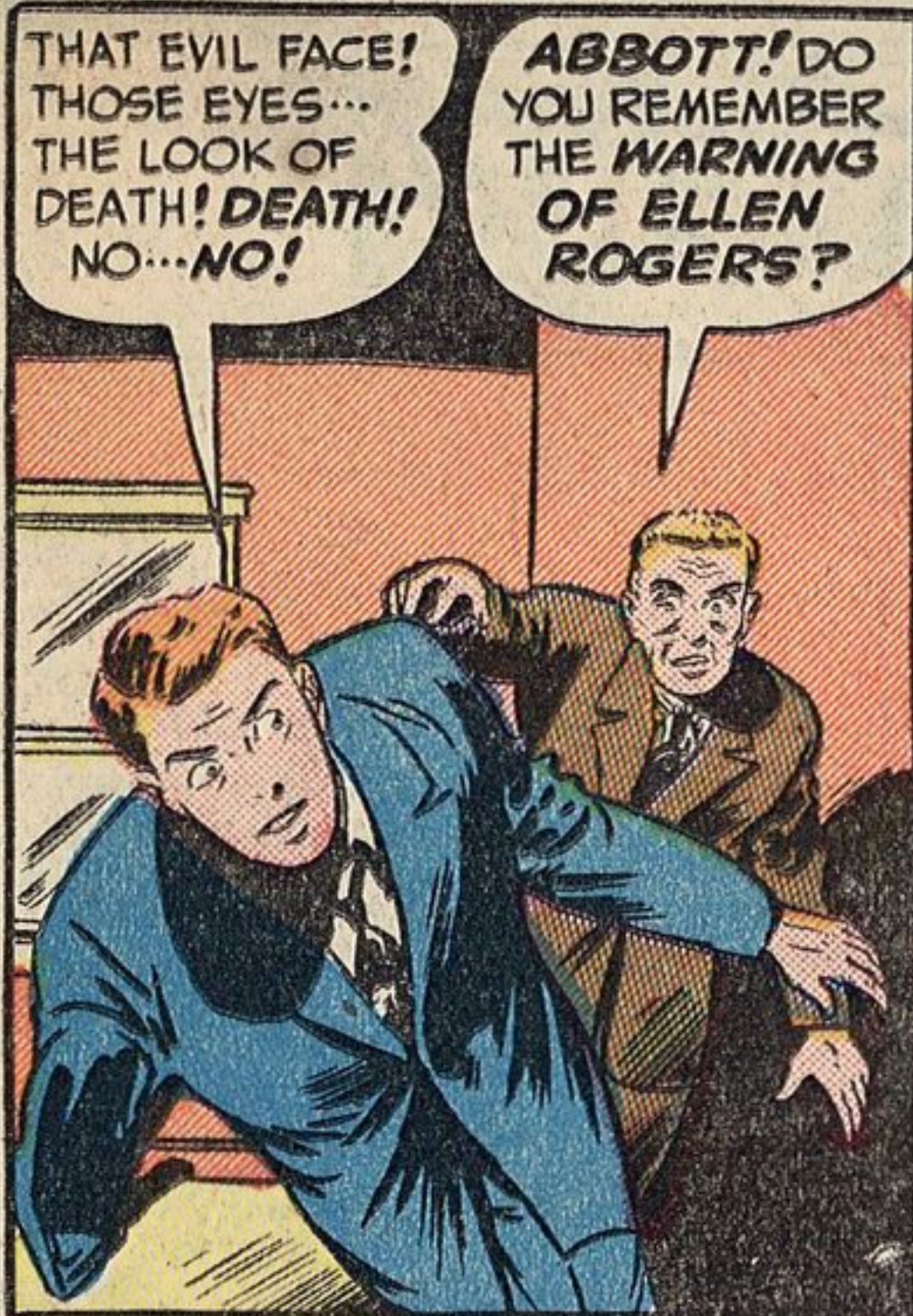
IT'S...HE...! MR. GREGORY!



YOU... AGAIN...







THAT EVIL FACE!  
THOSE EYES...  
THE LOOK OF  
DEATH! DEATH!  
NO...NO!

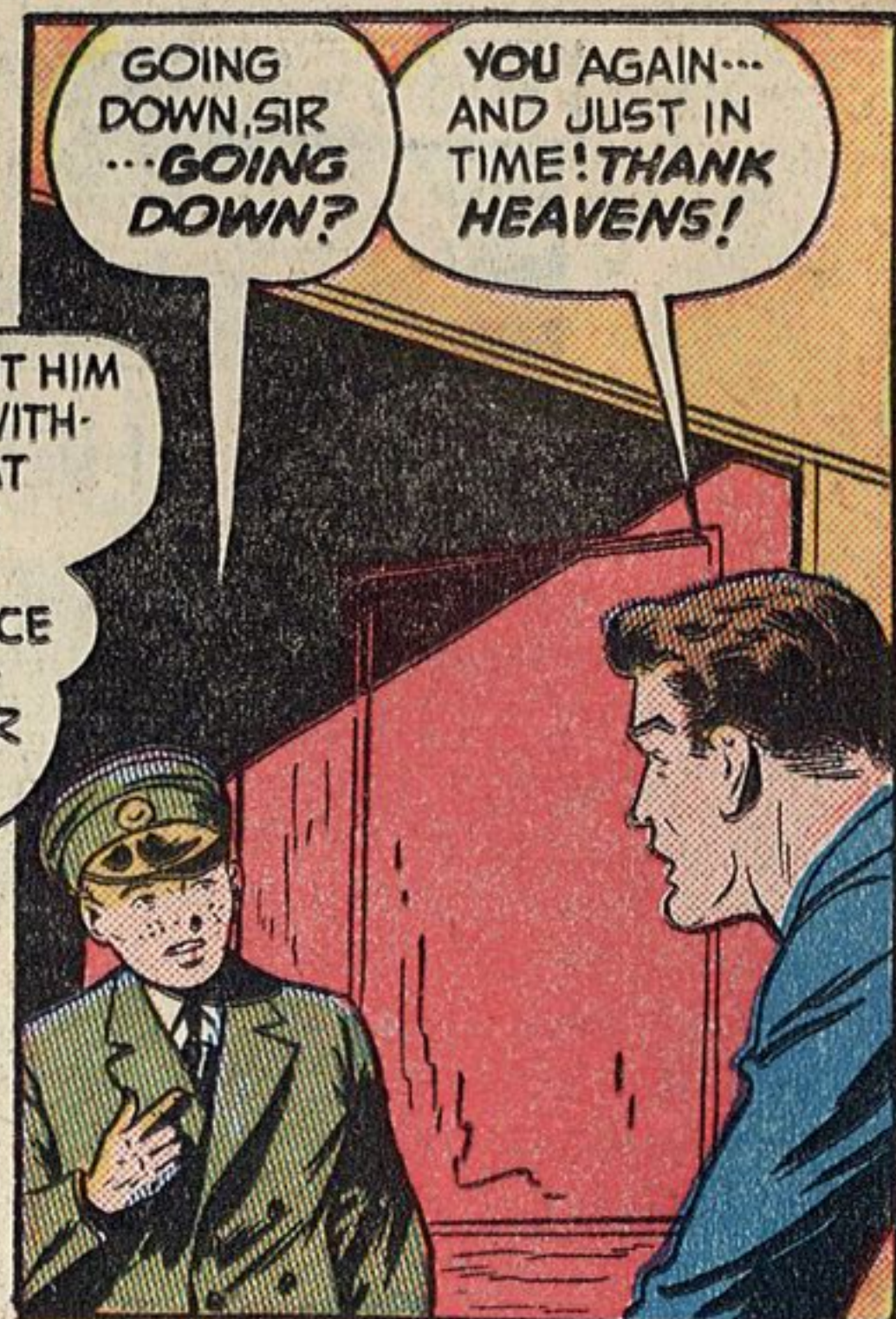
ABBOTT! DO  
YOU REMEMBER  
THE WARNING  
OF ELLEN  
ROGERS?



THE AWFUL FEAR THAT HAD  
WELLED UP IN JOHN ABBOTT  
BURST FORTH LIKE A SURGING  
FLOOD! MADLY, HE BROKE INTO  
HEADLONG, TERROR-STRICKEN  
FLIGHT!

TWICE I MISSED  
...BUT THIS IS  
THE **THIRD TIME!**  
NOW YOU CAN  
NEVER ESCAPE  
ME... **NEVER!**

I CAN'T FIGHT HIM  
...I CAN'T WITH-  
STAND THAT  
**STRANGE**  
**POWER!** IT'S  
MY ONLY CHANCE  
...I'VE GOT...  
TO... **RUN... FOR**  
...IT! **RUN!**



GOING  
DOWN, SIR  
...**GOING**  
**DOWN?**

YOU AGAIN...  
AND JUST IN  
TIME! **THANK**  
**HEAVENS!**



HA-HA! THAT  
ELEVATOR BELONGS  
TO ME, GREGORY  
...AND YOU'RE  
RIDING IT TO  
YOUR FINISH!

HELP...  
HELP...  
**HELP!**



YOU KNOW, JUST BEFORE THAT FELLOW  
DIED, HE KEPT MUMBLING ABOUT A  
BEAUTIFUL GIRL, AN OLD MAN NAMED  
MACLEISH AND ANOTHER MAN NAMED...UH,  
WHAT WAS THAT NAME? YEAH...  
**GREGORY!**



WELL, I'LL BE DURNED! THE  
MACLEISH COMPANY USED TO  
BE IN THIS BUILDING... ROOM  
1313... **25 YEARS AGO!** AN'  
JUST 25 YEARS AGO, OLD MAN  
MACLEISH AN' HIS SECRETARY  
...AN' A YOUNG FRECKLE-FACED  
ELEVATOR OPERATOR WERE  
ALL KILLED... IN AN **ELEVATOR**  
**CRASH!** BUT THAT **GREGORY**  
FELLA, THOUGH... I NEVER HEARD  
OF **HIM!**

AND SO  
ENDS THE  
STRANGE  
STORY OF  
ROOM  
**1313!**  
WAS IT  
REAL?  
AND WHO  
WAS MR.  
GREGORY?  
WAS HE A  
FIGMENT  
OF ABBOTT'S  
TORTURED  
IMAGINATION OR  
WAS HE...  
DEATH  
HIM-  
SELF?





## HELLO THERE, READER!

Time we got to know each other, isn't it? Because we've planned this book for *you*! It's *your* magazine—*yours* for thrills!

"ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN" is a completely *new* kind of publication. For never in comics history has any magazine dared to delve into the *supernatural*, or adventure into the challenging unknown! We knew that there must be many readers like *you*—folks that went for stories that were *different*, that furnished a spine-tingling, imaginative thrill. That's why "ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN" came into being—and overnight has become a nationwide sensation!

There's a *reason* for our success—and it's reflected in the torrent of enthusiastic letters we've received. Like to know what people are saying about our magazine? Let's reach into our grab-bag—and come up with a few specimens, selected at random!

"Congratulations on your exceptionally splendid book, 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN.' It is extremely well drawn and packs a terrific punch. Enclosed is my \$1.20 for a 12-issue subscription. . . . We readers like to get close to our favorite books. How about a page devoted to our *own true* experiences with the *Unknown*?"

—GEORGE DYAK

1703 Vail Ave., Windber, Pa.

*We've followed your suggestion, Mr. Dyak! See contest announcements in our February-March issue!*

"Just finished reading the second issue of 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN.' It's positively *super*—the *best book on the market*! I go for ghosts and spooks! The only trouble is that it's published only every two months. But keep it coming!"

—MRS. BULLARD

20514 Lawrence, Tonance, Calif.

*It'll keep coming—ghosts, spooks and even more!*

"Yesterday, my ten-year-old son, Tony, brought home his first copy of 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN.' To say that I was pleased and thrilled is an understatement. A far cry from the murder type of book, your magazine inspires imagination and a love for things off the beaten path. . . . Your book is simply *tops*!"

—PAULINE SALTZMAN, 3458 Hillcroft Ave., S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

*Nice to hear—and we'll try to live up to it!*

"I have just completed reading 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN,' and would like to commend you for producing a magazine of truly great possibilities. It's *wonderful*! You really know how to put onto paper some of the greatest ghost stories that I have ever had the pleasure of reading, and I have read quite a few, too. These are stories which almost bring to life the nameless things of the *Unknown*. Your magazine is *terrific*!"

—D. GOLDEN

3554 Cummings Rd., Cleveland Hgts., O.

*Glad you like us, Mr. Golden. But there are even better things ahead!*

"I have bought a copy of your new magazine and think it's *wonderful*! I've always been interested in such stories. Your idea in publishing a magazine like this is *tops*!"

—RICHARD PIVACK

1658 S.W. Montgomery Dr., Portland Ore.

*Thanks! We'll keep on doing our best to justify your opinion!*

And now—how about hearing from *you*, reader? We want to know your likes and dislikes—they'll help us to frame the magazine that *you* want! For instance, commencing with this issue, we've embarked on something *different*. No, we haven't changed our successful policy of presenting the best in spine-tingling ghost stories—we'll *always* bring them to you, and they'll be better and better as time goes on! But now something *new* has been added—gripping tales dealing with *other* aspects of the great *Unknown*! Tales like "Giants of The Unknown" and "Back To Yesterday"—both in this issue! We hope you like them—let us know! So long, and until next time—*Good Reading*!

THE EDITORS

Our great "ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN" contest closed on Feb. 27, 1949. Did we get your entry? Watch this magazine for the announcement of winners!



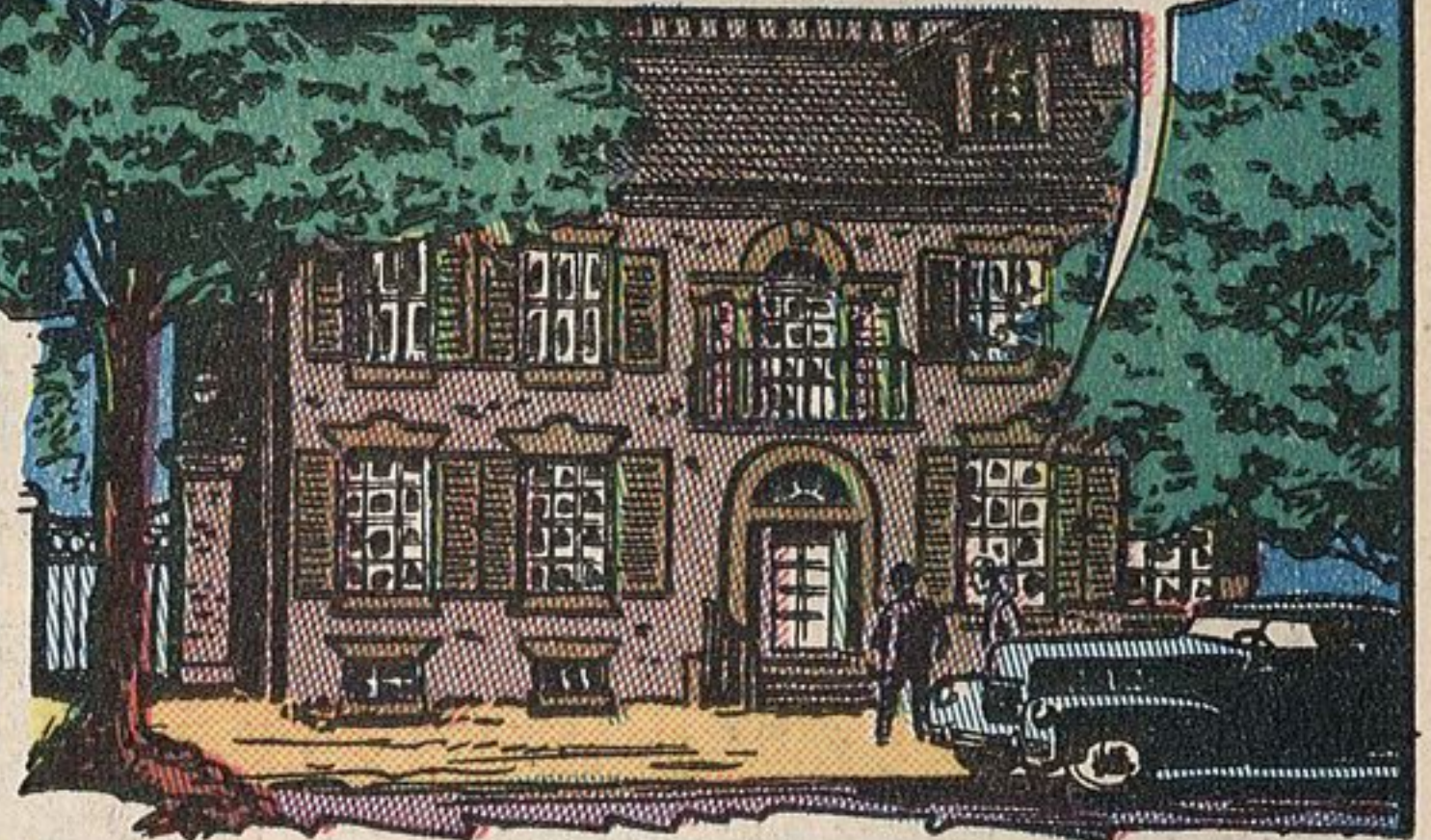
# Back to YESTERDAY

BR-RRRR! WHAT AN IDEA, COMING HERE, JUST TO READ OLD JOSEPH LAWRENCE'S WILL! IT'S **SPOOKY!**



Has every man a **BURIED** life? Have we lived before, at a different time and place? And our strange dreams—are they but the evidence of a previous existence? Those who believe in **REINCARNATION** say **YES!** So let's adventure into the great **UNKNOWN**—and produce the type of tale on which they base their conviction!

LEONARD STARR



IT'S NO BETTER INSIDE, EITHER! IT --IT'S AS IF ALL THE SPIRITS OF LAWRENCE'S LONG DEAD ARE CROUCHED HERE, TRYING TO **TELL US SOMETHING!**

DEAD OR NOT, THIS PLACE AND ITS GROUNDS ARE WORTH A MILLION, ROGER! THE QUESTION IS --**WHICH OF US INHERITS IT?**



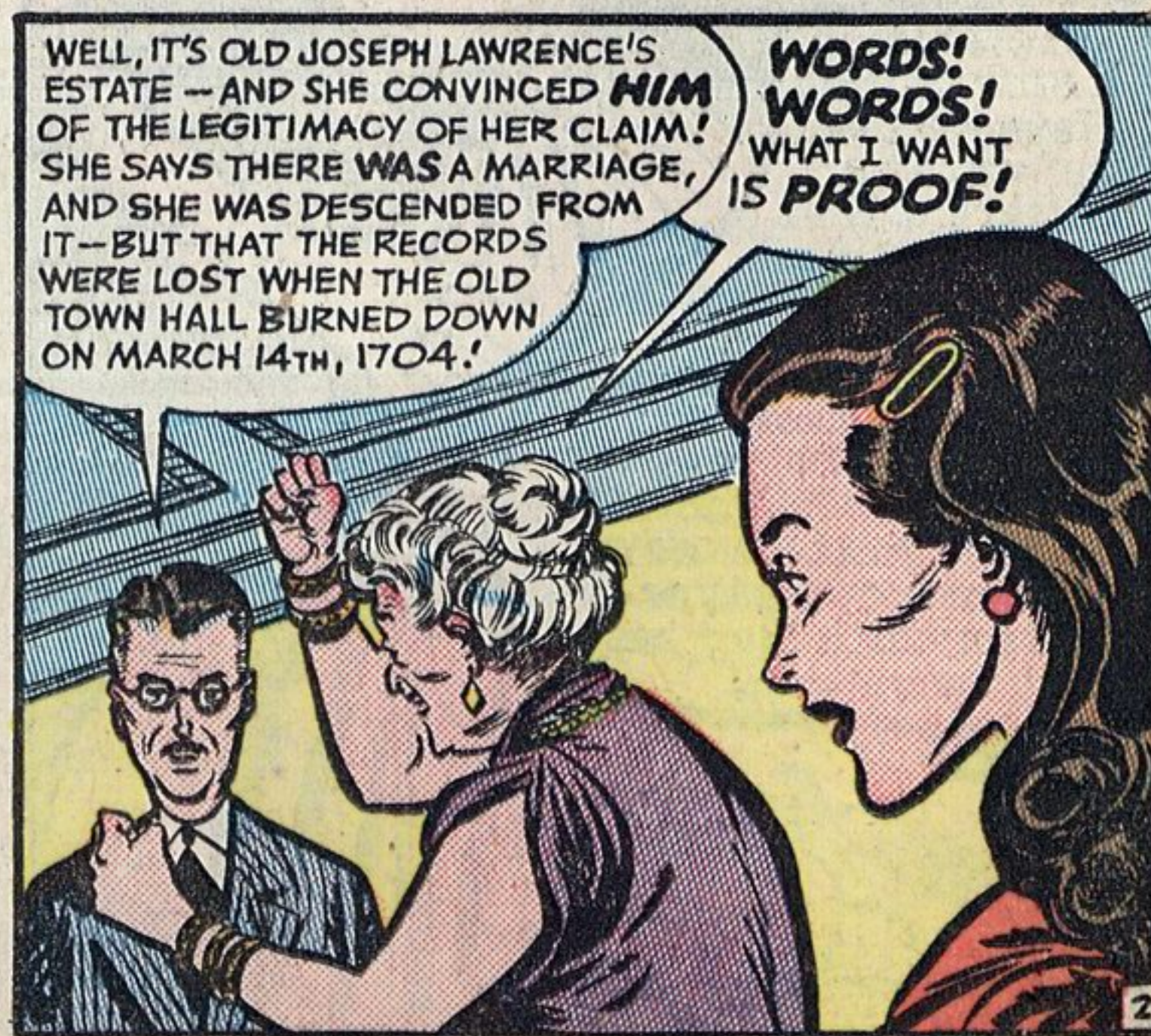
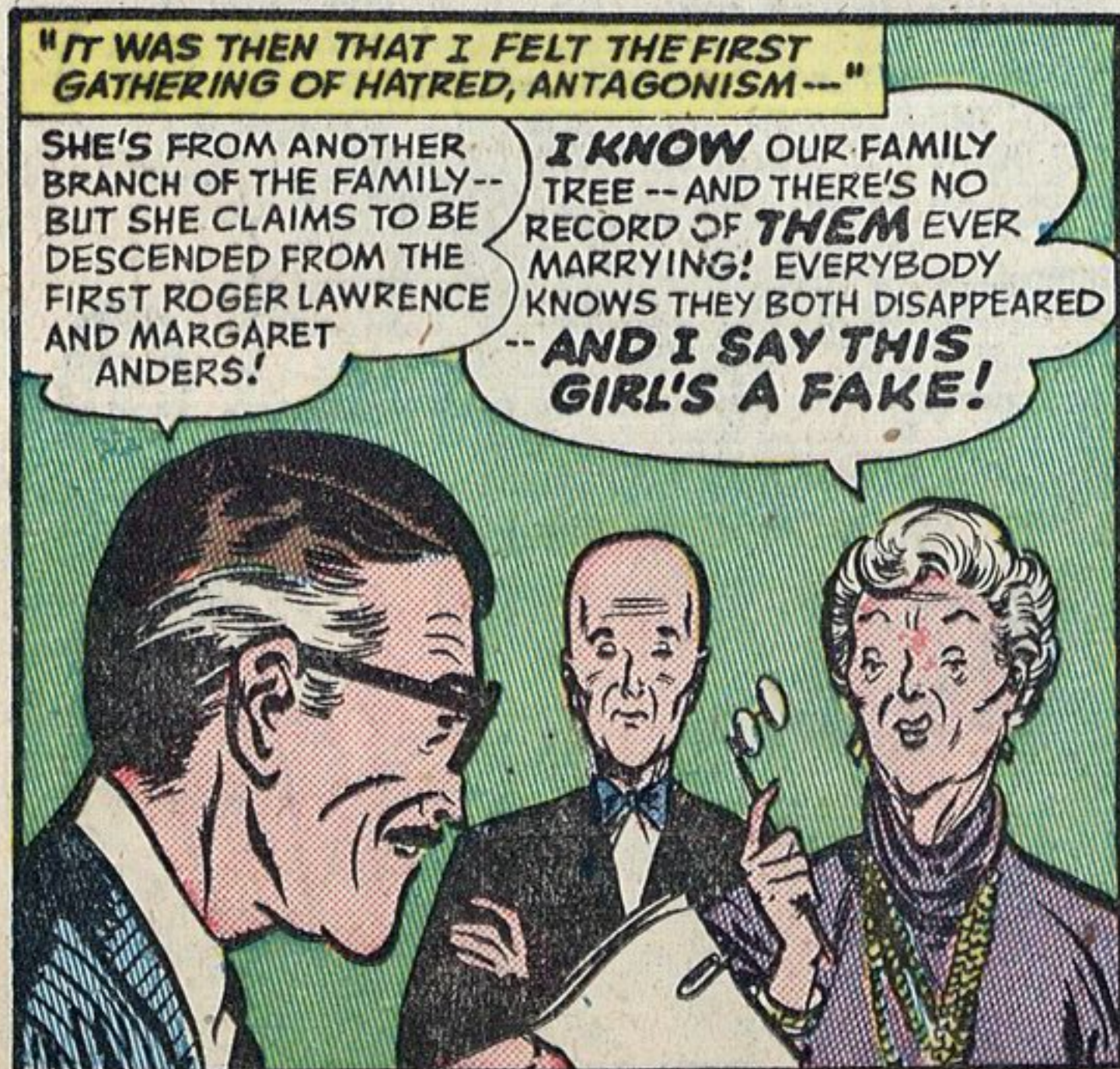
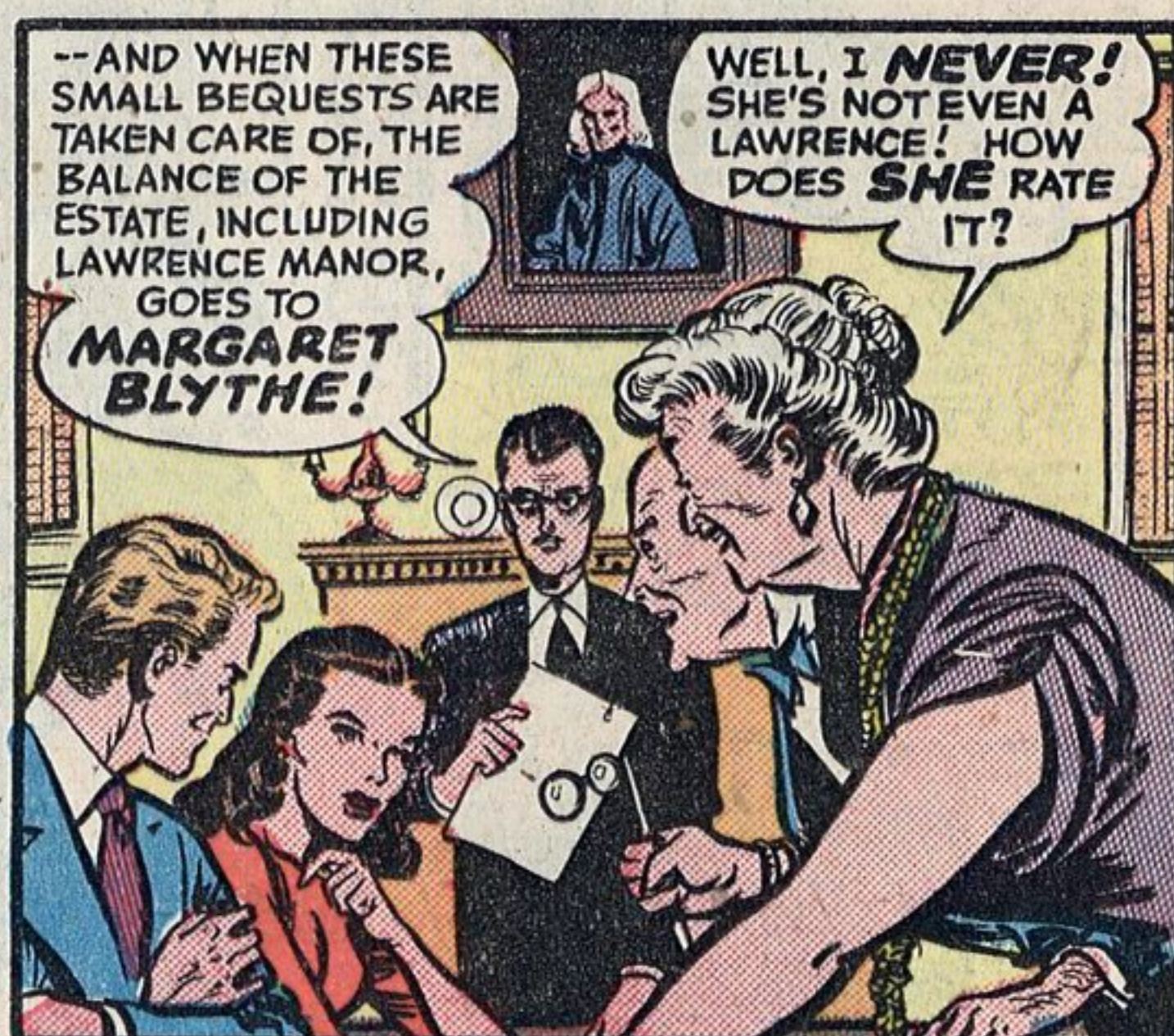
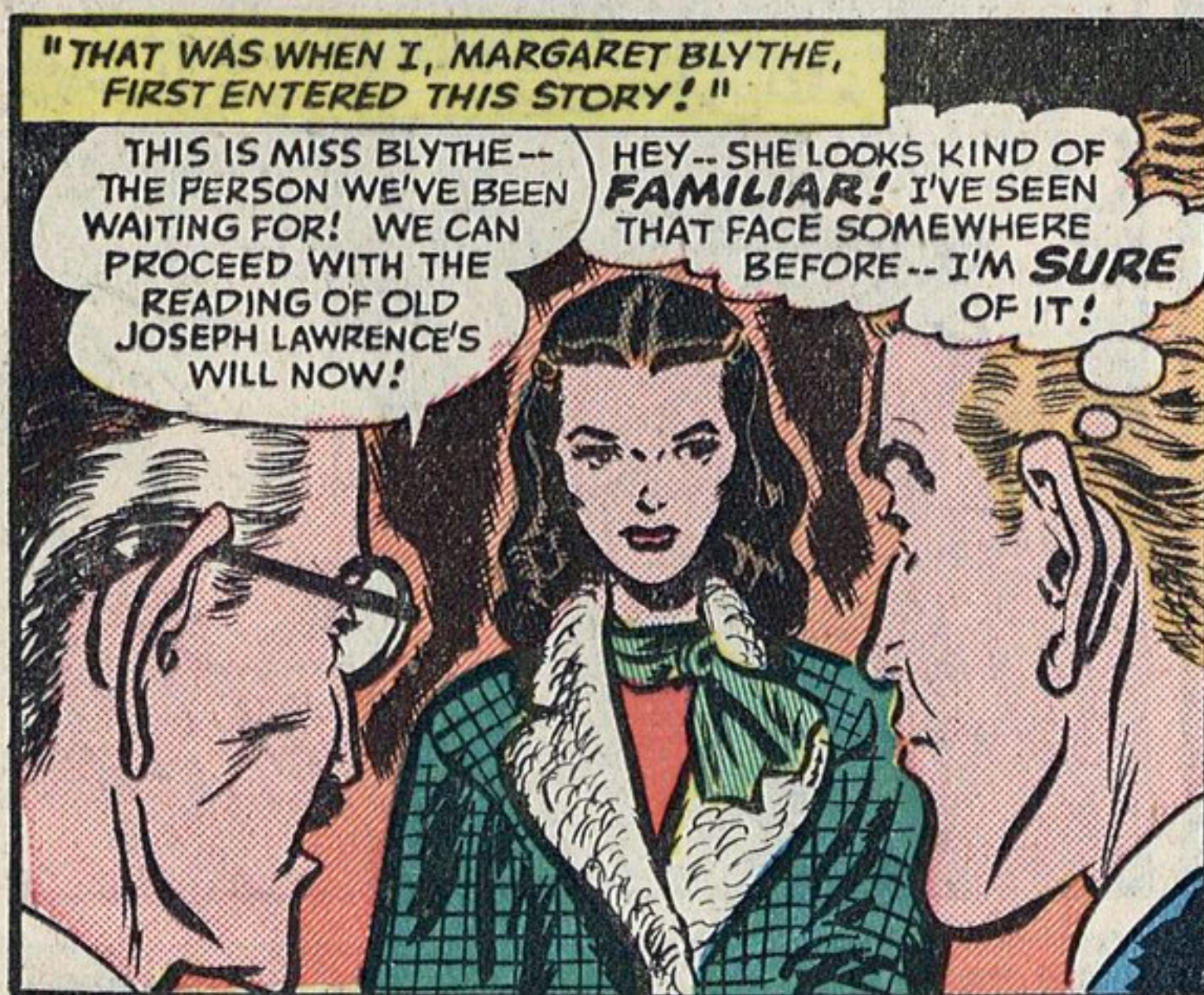
WELL, WE'RE ALL HERE, AND YOU'RE THE LAWYER! WHY NOT GET ON WITH THE READING OF THE WILL? WHO ELSE CAN WE BE WAITING FOR?

THAT, MADAM, WILL BE APPARENT WHEN THE PERSON ARRIVES!

I'M GOING TO LOOK AROUND! I HAVEN'T BEEN IN THIS DUMP FOR **YEARS!**



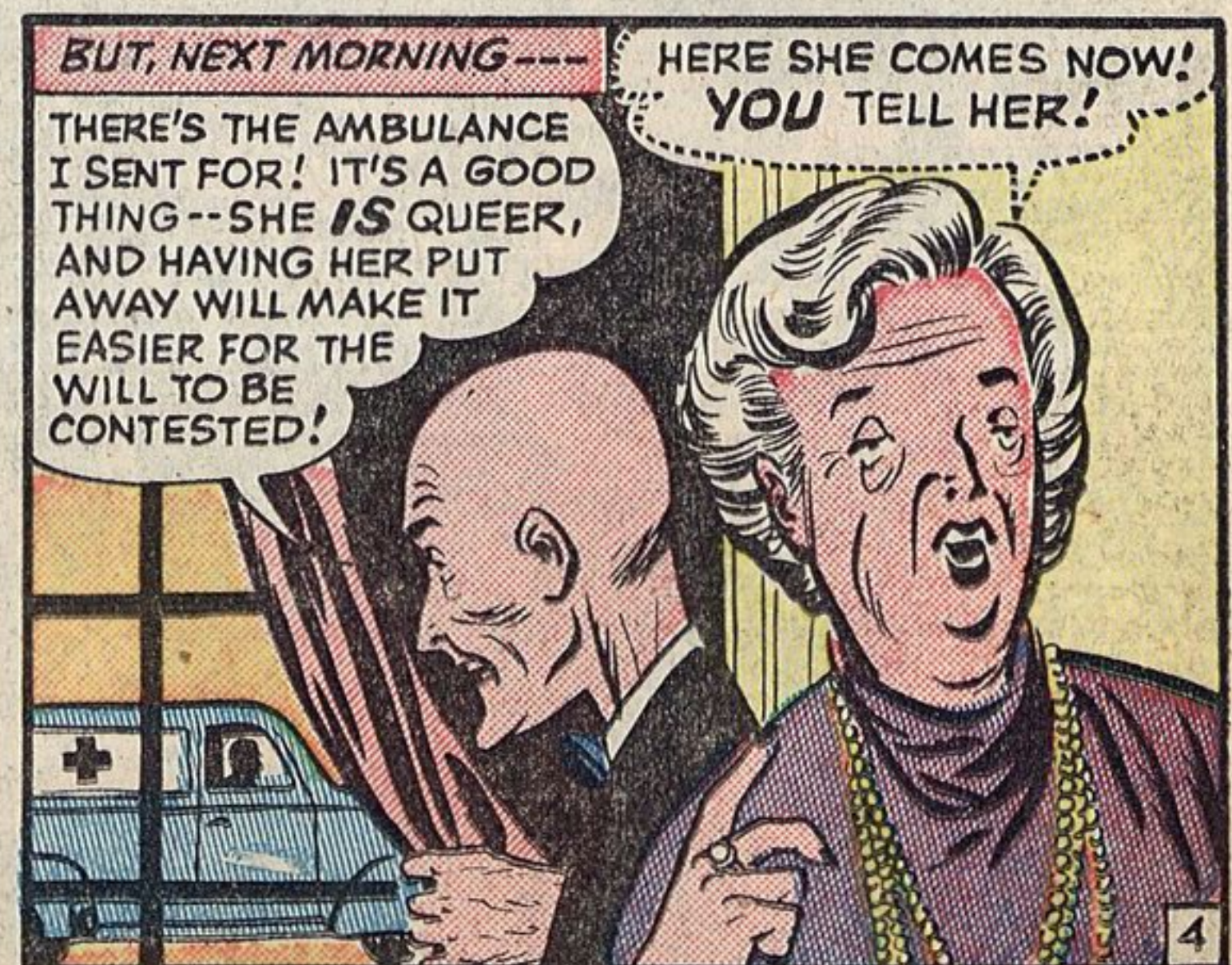
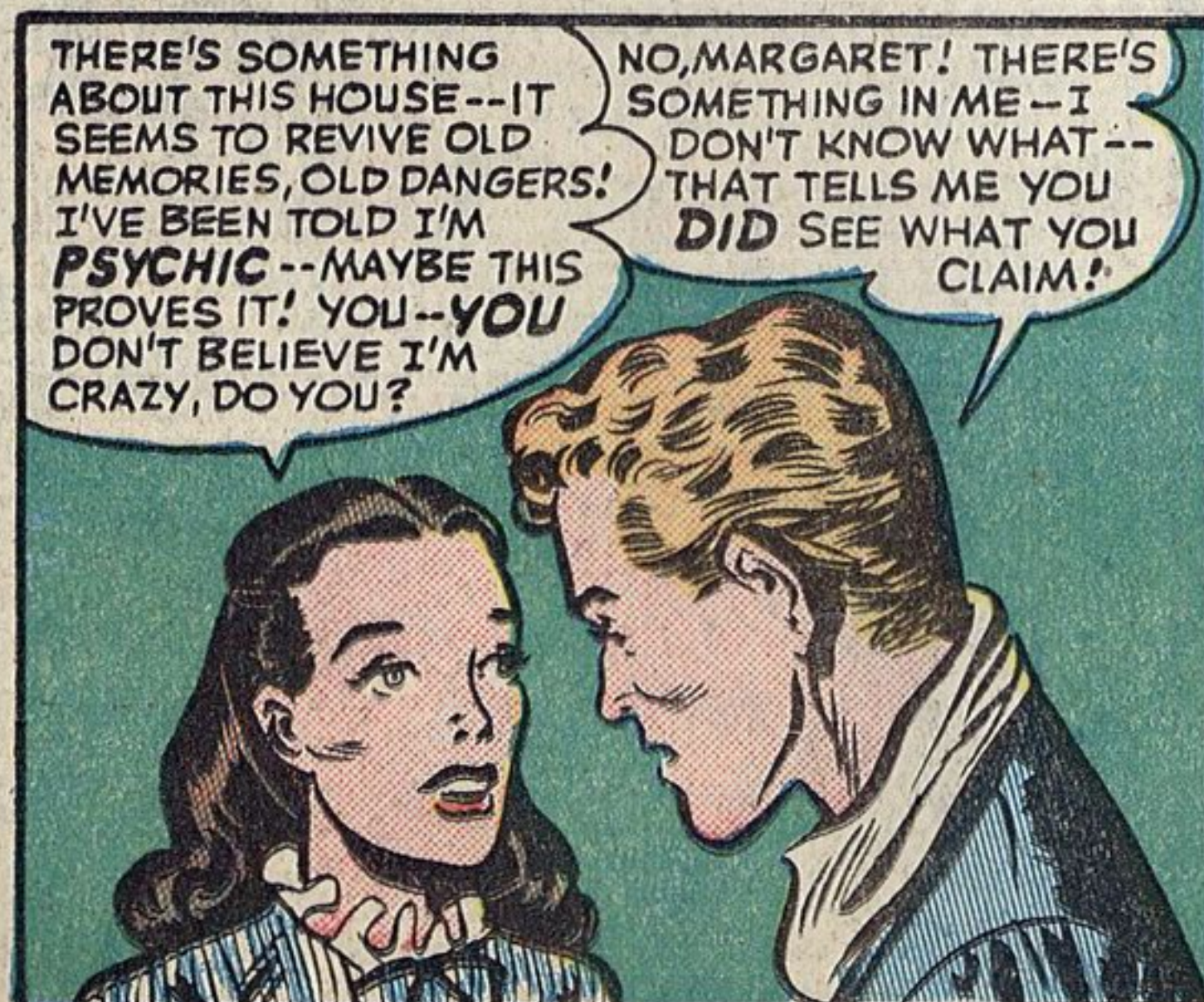
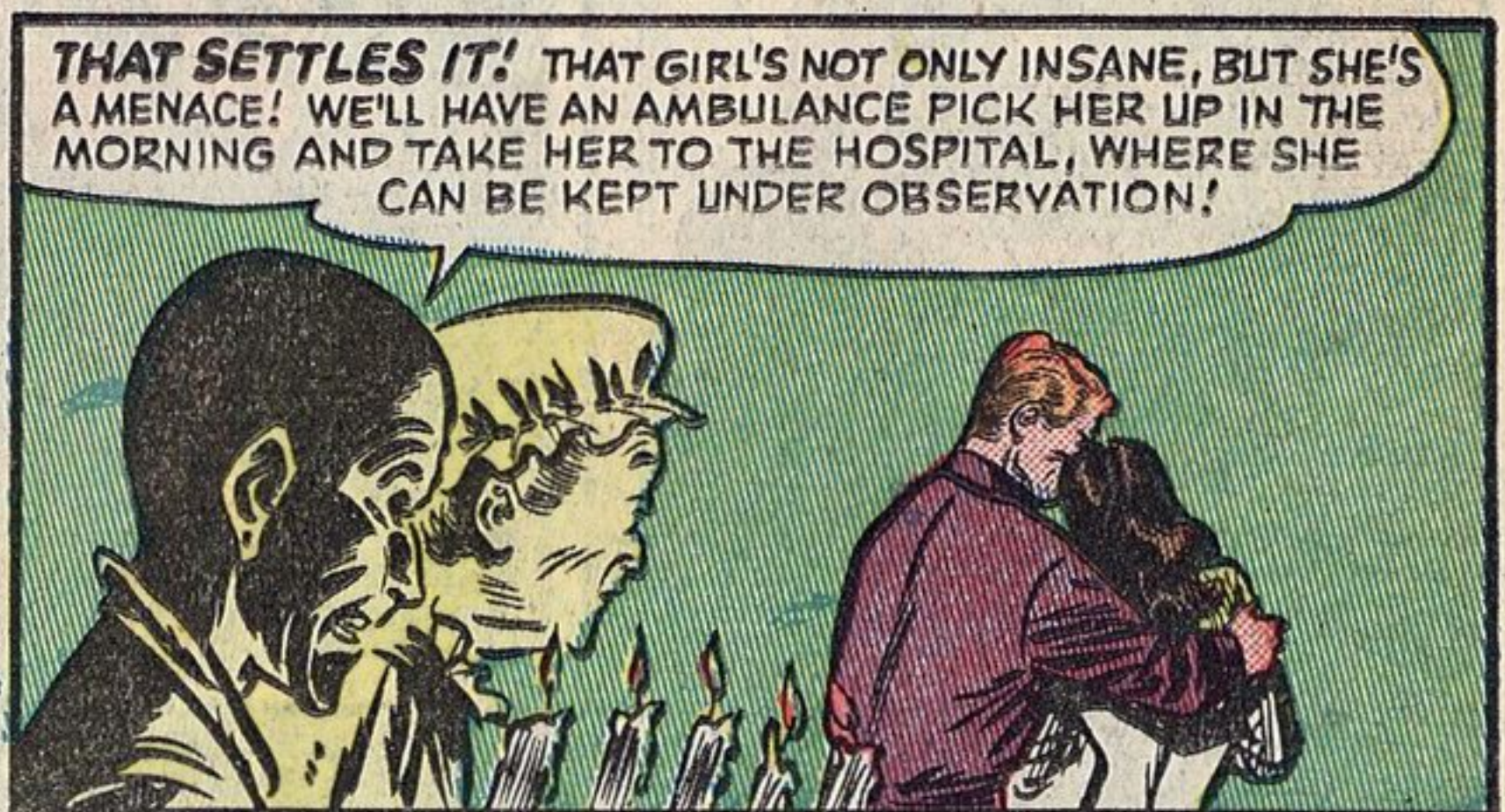
















ER-- SOME MEN ARE HERE FOR YOU, MISS BLYTHE! IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD--

HEY! OH-HHH!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!



YOU -- YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME THERE!

AFTER HER! DON'T LET HER GET AWAY!



COME BACK, YOU FOOLS! CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S IN A PANIC?



GOT TO -- ESCAPE! GOT TO ---



"THROUGH MY FEAR CAME THAT OLD MEMORY OF RUNNING! THEN CAME A NEW FEELING -- DIZZYING -- TERRIFYING ---"

SOMETHING'S-- HAPPENING TO ME!



"--AND I FOUND MYSELF LOST -- LOST!"

MUSTN'T LET THEM -- CATCH ME! I--I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM, BUT I KNOW I'M GOING SOMEWHERE -- SOME- WHERE I'VE GOT TO REACH!



HOW DID I GET BACK **HERE**-- TO LAWRENCE MANOR--AND WHY DOES IT LOOK SO **NEW**, SO DIFFERENT? M-MAYBE I CAN GO IN AND HIDE -- THEY'D NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR ME **THERE**!





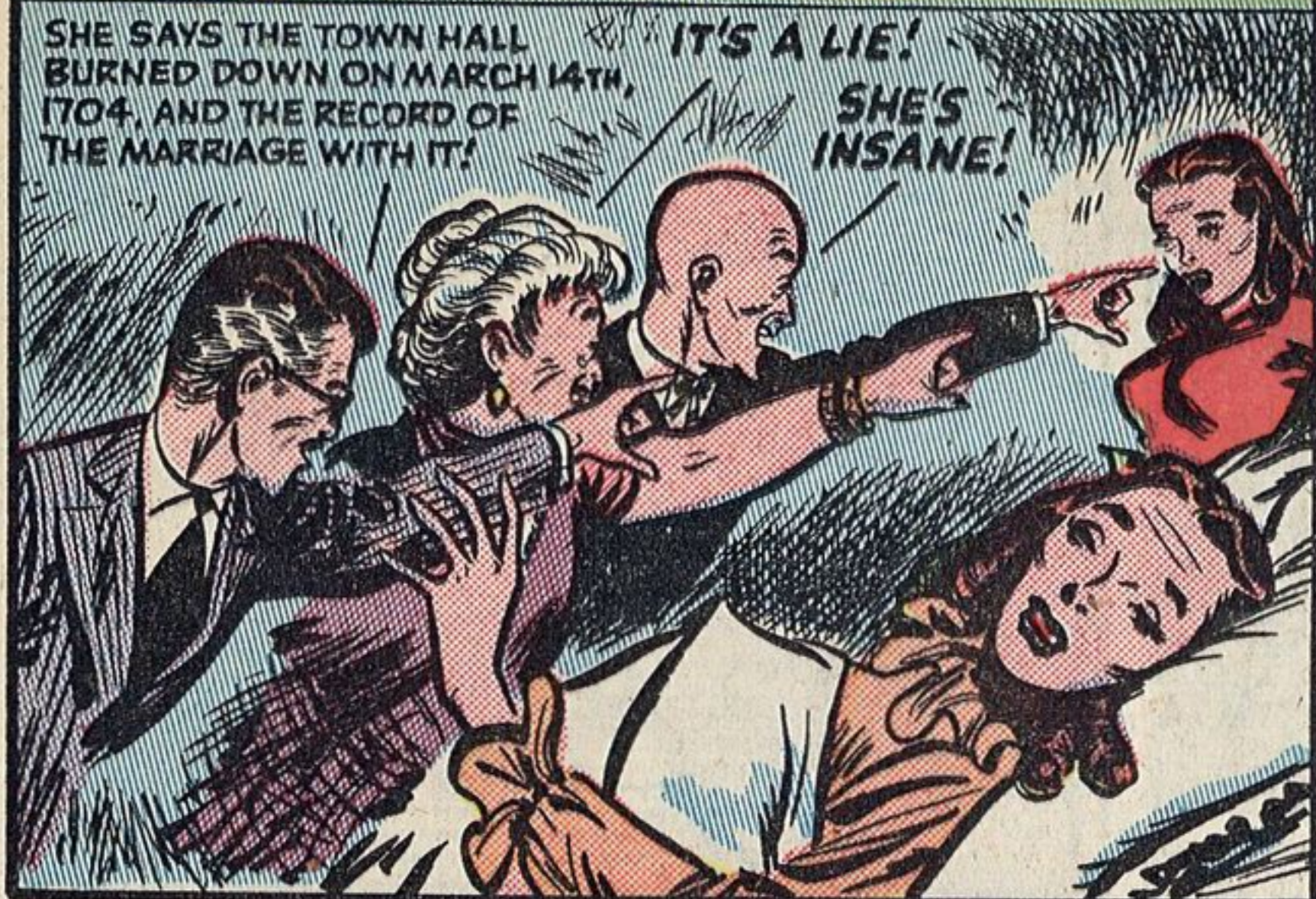


"BUT BY THIS TIME, I FELT SECURE! I WAS MARGARET LAWRENCE, MISTRESS OF LAWRENCE MANOR--AND I HAD NO MEMORIES OF ANY OTHER LIFE! BUT SUDDENLY, OUT OF NOWHERE, THEY CAME -- STRANGE VISIONS DISTURBING MY DREAMS!"

SHE SAYS THE TOWN HALL BURNED DOWN ON MARCH 14TH, 1704, AND THE RECORD OF THE MARRIAGE WITH IT!

IT'S A LIE!

SHE'S INSANE!



I-- I'M ALL RIGHT! JUST BAD DREAMS, THAT'S ALL! WHAT -- WHAT DAY IS THIS?

YOUR DREAMS MUST HAVE BEEN BAD, MISTRESS, TO MIX YOU UP THAT WAY! INDEED, IT'S MARCH 14TH-- AND THE YEAR'S 1704, IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT! HA-HA!



"I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING -- BUT AN INNER VOICE DROVE ME TO THE TOWN HALL --"

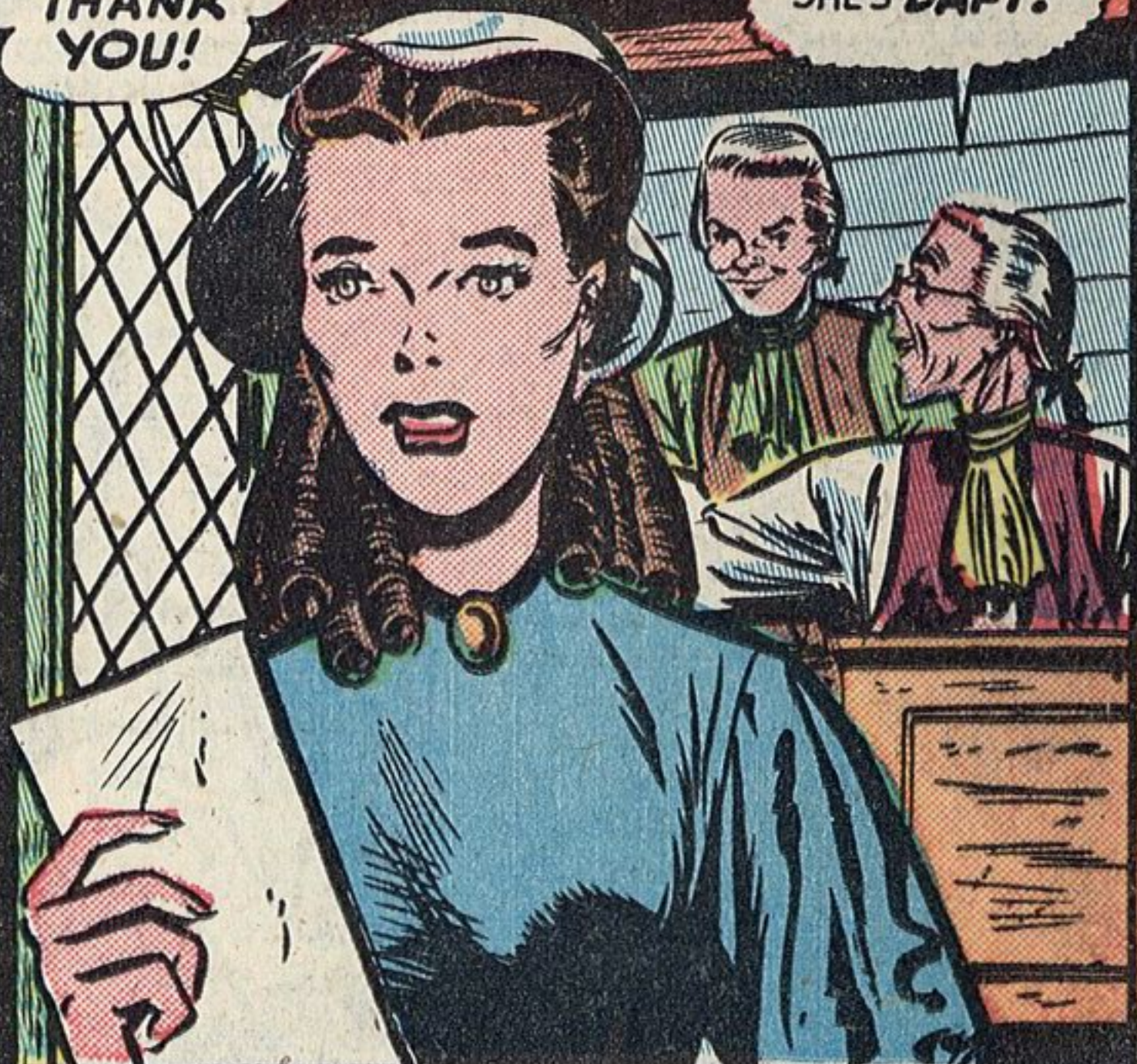
YOU'RE WANTIN' A COPY OF YOUR MARRIAGE RECORD, MISTRESS LAWRENCE? BUT WHAT FOR? AND WHY ARE YOU SO EXCITED?

IT--IT'S BECAUSE THIS PLACE IS GOING TO BE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING TODAY -- AND BURN DOWN TO THE GROUND!



THANK YOU -- THANK YOU!

SHE'S DAFT!



"BUT, THAT VERY AFTERNOON --"



IT HAPPENED -- JUST LIKE SHE SAID IT WOULD!

SHE'S A WITCH! LET'S PUT AN END TO HER EVIL!







WHAT'S HAPPENING?

A WITCH AT LAWRENCE MANOR! WE'RE GONNA GET HER!



I-- I KNOW YOU COULD NEVER BE A WITCH-- BUT WE'LL HAVE TO FLEE! GET RID OF THAT PAPER-- AND COME!

NO! I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I HAVE A FEELING IT MUST BE GUARDED, KEPT SAFE!

OPEN UP IN THERE!

BRING OUT THE WITCH!



THE FRONT DOOR'S BROKEN IN! WE'LL GO IN AND FETCH HER FOR OURSELVES!

LET ME HAVE IT -- IT'LL BE SAFE IN THIS CONCEALED HIDING PLACE! AND GIVE ME THAT ROSE YOU'RE WEARING, DARLING -- LET ME PUT IT HERE TO REMIND ME, SOME DAY, OF HOW YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL YOU WERE AT THIS MOMENT!

SNAP!



BAM! CRASH!

THIS SECRET PASSAGE LEADS UNDER THE HOUSE -- AND OUT! LET'S PRAY IT HELPS US ESCAPE!



GOOD HEAVENS -- THEY'VE SEEN US! WE'VE GOT TO RUN FOR IT!

THERE ARE! THEY ARE! AFTER 'EM!



FASTER, MARGARET -- FASTER! RUN!

WE'LL GET HER YET!



"ONCE MORE, I WAS RUNNING--**RUNNING!** AND  
ONCE MORE, A DIZZYING, TERRIFYING SENSATION--"

SOMETHING'S  
--HAPPENING  
TO ME!



"-- AND SUDDENLY, EVERYTHING CHANGED! WHERE  
WAS I? WHO WAS I? WHAT HAD BECOME OF  
MARGARET ANDERS?"

I FEEL --  
**DIFFERENT!**  
I ---



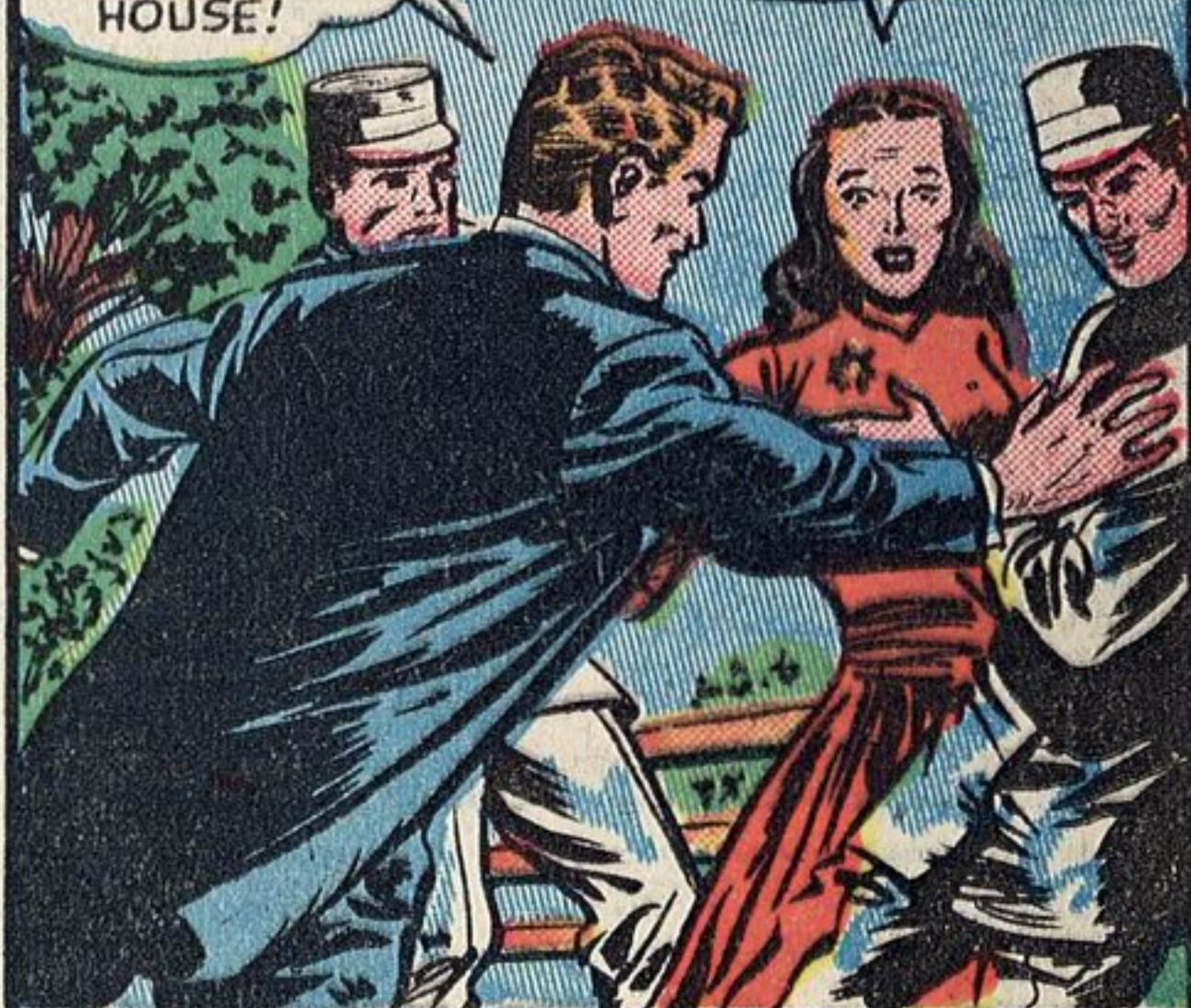
OKAY, GIRLIE -- TAKE IT  
EASY! WE'RE TAKIN'  
YOU WHERE IT'LL BE  
NICE AN'  
COMFORTABLE!

**NO! LET--ME--GO!**



LET GO OF MISS  
BLYTHE, YOU FOOLS!  
I'M TAKING HER  
BACK TO THE  
HOUSE!

I'M MARGARET--**BLYTHE!**  
THE OTHER MARGARET --  
SHE'S **GONE!**



I-- I MUST BE HER **REINCARNATION!**  
I WENT **BACK TO YESTERDAY**--AND  
IT ALL MUST HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN A  
FEW SECONDS! AND ROGER AND  
MARGARET -- THEY MUST HAVE  
ESCAPED THE MOB, OTHERWISE  
**I WOULDN'T BE HERE NOW!**

LISTEN --  
I **TOLD**  
YOU THERE  
WAS  
SOMETHING  
WRONG  
WITH  
HER!



I'D SEND THE ORDERLIES  
AWAY IF SHE WERE SANE  
AND COULD **PROVE**  
SHE REALLY BELONGED  
HERE -- **BUT LOOK**  
**AT HER NOW!**

BY GEORGE, SHE **SAID**  
SHE WAS **PSYCHIC--**  
AND I **BELIEVE IT!**  
**WAIT!**





"THEN IT CAME TO ME-- A VOICE WAILING THROUGH THE CENTURIES! HER VOICE!"

MARGARET--  
MARGARET--  
DON'T YOU  
REMEMBER?  
THE PANEL IN  
THE WALL--THE  
PANEL IN THE  
WALL!--...



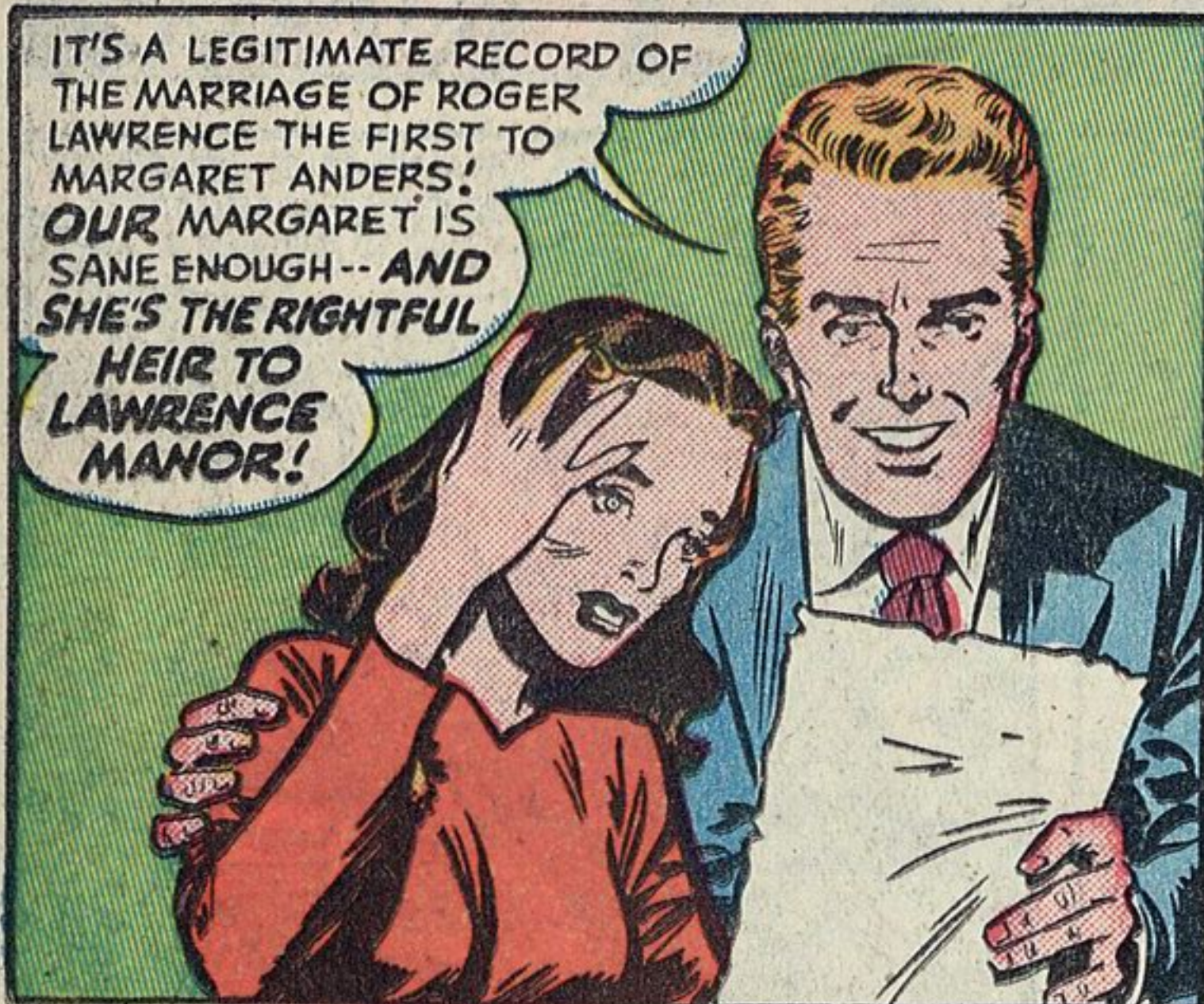
WHAT'S SHE UP TO?  
SHE'S LIKE A PERSON  
WALKING IN HER  
SLEEP!

A HIDDEN COMPARTMENT  
IN THE WALL! SHE'S  
REACHING IN THERE  
FOR SOMETHING---

SNAP!



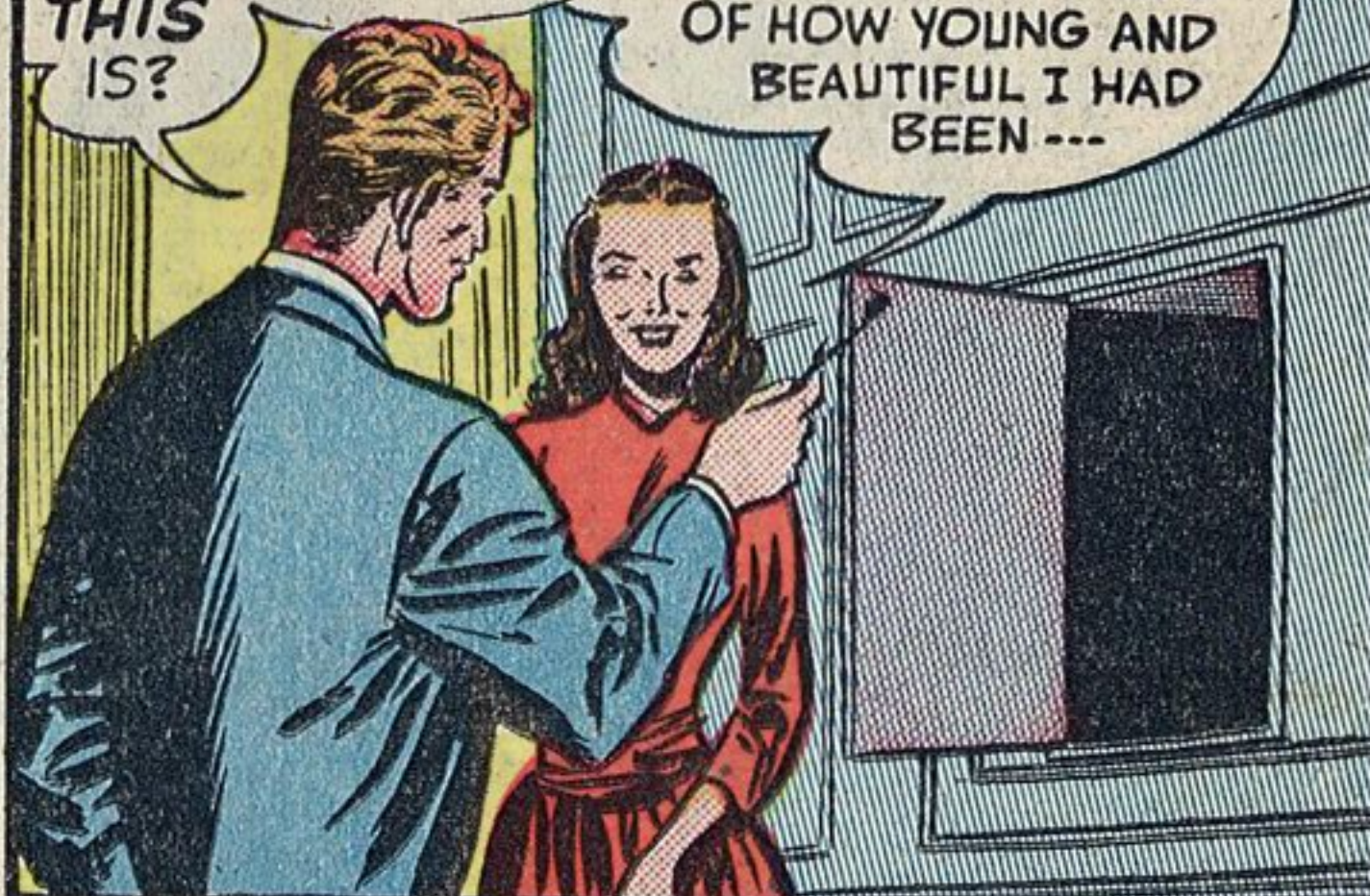
IT'S A LEGITIMATE RECORD OF  
THE MARRIAGE OF ROGER  
LAWRENCE THE FIRST TO  
MARGARET ANDERS!  
OUR MARGARET IS  
SANE ENOUGH-- AND  
SHE'S THE RIGHTFUL  
HEIR TO  
LAWRENCE  
MANOR!



Later...

LOOK WHAT I DUG  
OUT OF THE WALL!  
WHAT DO YOU FIGURE  
THIS  
IS?

A ROSE I WAS WEARING IN MY  
HAIR-- WHEN I WENT BACK  
TO YESTERDAY! AND  
YOU SAID YOU'D KEEP IT  
THERE TO REMIND YOU  
OF HOW YOUNG AND  
BEAUTIFUL I HAD  
BEEN ---



YOU HAD BEEN? WELL,  
I DON'T REMEMBER SAYING  
ANYTHING LIKE THAT,  
BUT PLEASE-- CAN  
I SAY IT  
NOW?

OH--  
ROGER--



DARLING...



And so  
ends the story  
of "Back to  
YESTERDAY"!  
Was all this  
but a dream--  
a figment of  
a wandering  
mind?  
Or did it  
**REALLY  
HAPPEN?**

Is  
**REINCARNATION**  
a fact, and have  
we lived before?

If so ---  
WHO WERE  
**YOU,**  
READER?





# SPECIALIST in SPOOKS

**T**HROUGH ENDLESS MIDNIGHTS, MEN HAVE PONDERED AN AGE-OLD QUESTION... DO GHOSTS EXIST? WE SAY NO... BUT THERE ARE OTHERS WHO CLAIM TO BE "RECEPTIVE" TO THINGS THAT FLIT ACROSS THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNKNOWN! FOREMOST AMONG THESE EXPERTS OF THE SUPERNATURAL IS ELLIOT O'DONNELL... AND WE FIND HIM ONE NIGHT, WALKING WITH A FRIEND IN LONDON'S HYDE PARK... AND TELLING HIS STORY!

I'VE GOTTEN QUITE A THRILL FROM YOUR ARTICLES ON GHOSTS IN THE "NEW DISPATCH", ELLIOT! ONE MIGHT THINK THOSE THINGS REALLY HAPPENED, OLD BOY!

I DON'T EXPECT THE AVERAGE PERSON TO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS... ANY MORE THAN PEOPLE "BELIEVED" IN THE NEW WORLD BEFORE COLUMBUS DISCOVERED IT! MAYBE IT'S A GIFT... OR PERHAPS A CURSE...



...BUT WHATEVER IT IS THAT MAKES SOME PEOPLE SEE GHOSTS... I'VE GOT IT! THEY ENTERED MY LIFE WHEN I WAS A LAD OF EIGHTEEN... EACH YEAR GROWING MORE INCREDIBLE!



"CERTAINLY NOTHING WAS FARTHER FROM MY MIND WHEN I WENT TO DUBLIN IN 1892..."

I'M STUDYING FOR THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY EXAMINATION, MA'AM... AND I HEARD YOU HAVE ROOMS TO RENT!



THERE IS A SPARE ROOM IN THE ATTIC, BUT... AH, WELL, COME IN! A STOUT YOUNG LAD LIKE YOU SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT UP THERE!

"THAT NIGHT, I DREAMILY WATCHED THE MOONLIGHT STREAMING ACROSS THE CREAKING FLOOR! AND AS THE BEAMS DRIFTED INTO THE SHADOWS..."

I WONDER HOW FAR THE IMAGINATION CAN GO? I FEEL SOMETHING THERE IN THE DARKNESS... AND NOW... I ALMOST THINK I SEE IT!

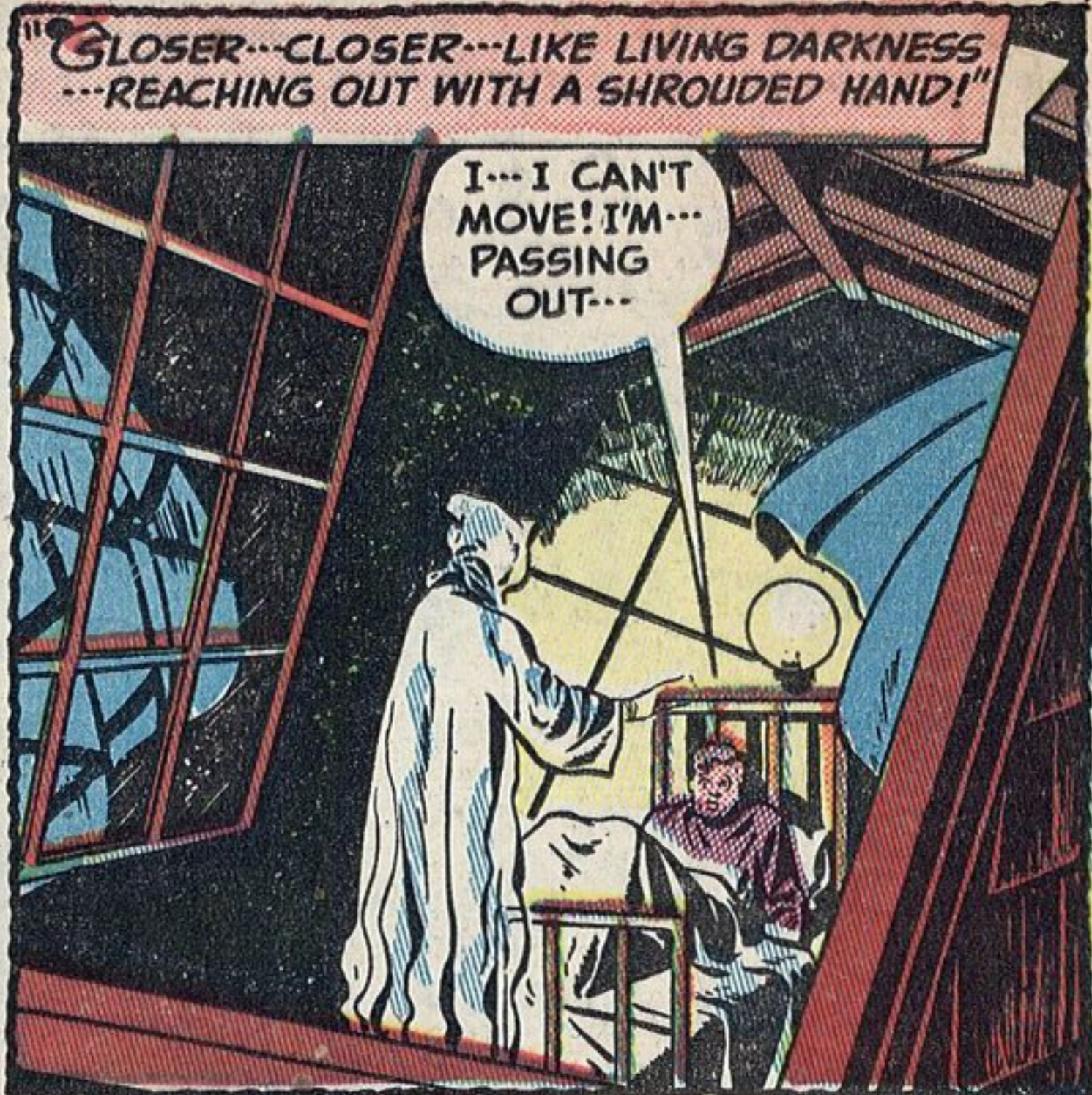






"SEEN OR FELT DOESN'T MATTER! THE THING WAS THERE... ARISING FROM THE GLOOM IN A WEIRD, BILLOWING MASS!"

I'M NOT ASLEEP... I'M NOT DREAMING! SOMETHING'S COMING TOWARD ME... AND IT ISN'T HUMAN!



"CLOSER... CLOSER... LIKE LIVING DARKNESS... REACHING OUT WITH A SHROUDED HAND!"

I... I CAN'T MOVE! I'M... PASSING OUT...

REVIVED A MOMENT LATER! THE ROOM STOOD STARK IN THE SICKLY MOONLIGHT... BUT OFF IN THE DISTANCE...

FOOTSTEPS... HEADING DOWN THE STREET! I WANT A GLIMPSE OF THAT THING IN THE FULL LIGHT OF A LAMP POST!



STRANGE! I CAN HEAR THOSE PATTTERING FOOTFALLS MOVING OFF... AND YET THE STREET'S DESERTED!

NEXT MORNING... I SPOKE TO THE LANDLADY!

AY, I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YE THE PLACE IS **HAUNTED**! NOT MANY ROOMERS HAVE SEEN THAT THING... BUT THOSE AS HAVE SWEARS THAT IT **FOLLOWS** 'EM!

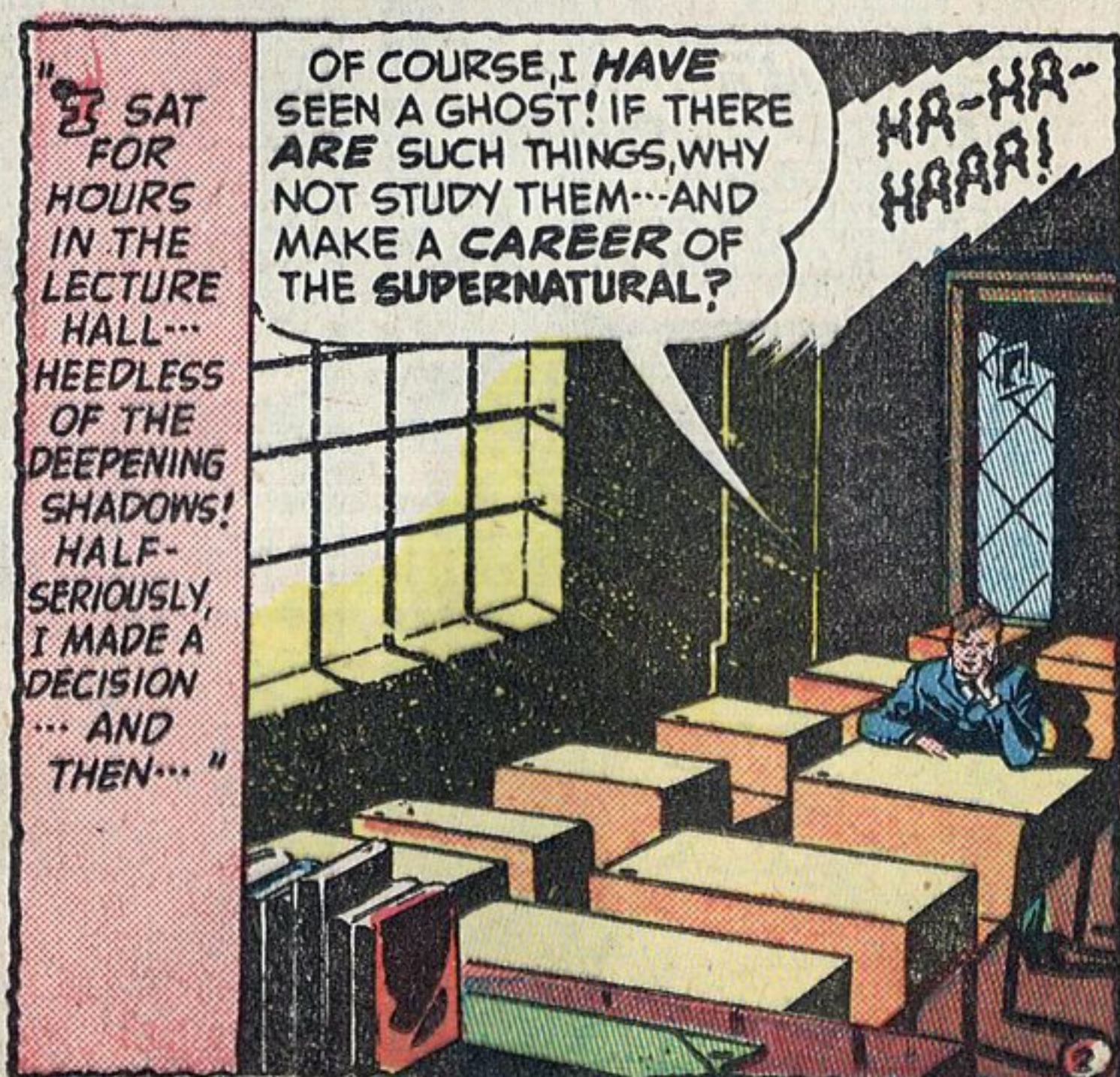
IT ALL SEEMS PRETTY UNREAL IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! JUST NOW I HAVE ONLY ONE THING ON MY MIND... THAT POLICE EXAMINATION!



TWO MONTHS LATER I RECEIVED A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT... ONE THAT WAS TO CHANGE MY ENTIRE LIFE!

RUDDY BAD LUCK TO PASS THE WRITTEN TEST WITH A HIGH GRADE... AND THEN FAIL THE PHYSICAL EXAM! I'M SORRY, O'DONNELL!

WISH I KNEW WHERE TO TURN! I'M NOT TRAINED FOR ANYTHING **BUT** THE CONSTABULARY!



"I SAT FOR HOURS IN THE LECTURE HALL... HEEDLESS OF THE DEEPENING SHADOWS! HALF-SERIOUSLY, I MADE A DECISION... AND THEN..."

OF COURSE, I HAVE SEEN A GHOST! IF THERE ARE SUCH THINGS, WHY NOT STUDY THEM... AND MAKE A **CAREER** OF THE **SUPERNATURAL**?

HA-HA-HA-HA!



"Again...THE EERIE FORM  
HOVERED TOWARD ME!"

HA-HA-  
HAAA!

WHO ARE YOU?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
TRYING TO  
SIGNIFY WITH  
THAT MOCKING  
LAUGHTER?

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER  
YOU'RE EVIL...OR SOME-  
THING BEYOND EVIL...  
BUT I'M SURE OF ONE  
THING! NEITHER YOU  
NOR THINGS LIKE  
YOU WILL EVER  
FRIGHTEN ME  
AGAIN!

HA! VA-YAAA!

"I KNEW BEFORE I WENT TO THE  
WINDOW THAT THE STREET BELOW  
WOULD SHOW NOTHING...NOTHING  
BUT THAT CACKLING CHALLENGE,  
FADING INTO THE FOGGY NIGHT!"

HA-HA-HAAAA!

AND THAT'S WHAT STARTED  
YOUR INTEREST IN **GHOSTS**,  
EH? WELL, IT'S ONE THING  
TO **SEE** A GHOST...BUT  
QUITE ANOTHER MATTER  
TO **PRODUCE** ONE!

I'VE HEARD THAT  
ARGUMENT BEFORE!  
LET'S STROLL THIS  
WAY...THERE'S A  
LONELY BENCH I  
WANT YOU TO SEE!

I FOUND THIS SPOT  
FIVE YEARS AGO...  
AND IT'S QUITE  
INTERESTING! JUST  
SIT DOWN...AND  
**LOOK UP INTO  
THAT TREE!**

VERY WELL, ELLIOT!  
BUT I WARN YOU...  
I INTEND TELLING  
THE ENTIRE CLUB  
ABOUT HOW I  
CALLED YOUR  
BLUFF!

MM-MMM-MMM-MMM-MMM!

JUST RELAX...  
MAKE YOURSELF  
RECEPTIVE!  
WATCH...  
WATCH...

WHAT'S THAT  
HUMMING NOISE?  
I CAN'T SEE YOU,  
O'DONNELL...YOUR  
VOICE IS  
FADING!

MM-MMM-MMM-MMM-MMM!

IT...IT'S  
LOOKING AT  
ME! AN EYE  
...A MONSTER  
EYE!



NOT A VERY SPECTACULAR MANIFESTATION, I CONFESS, BUT...HERE, HOLD ON! YOU CAN'T WALK OFF LIKE THIS!

BY JOVE, IF MY KNEES WEREN'T KNOCKING TOGETHER SO HARD... I'D RUN!



IMAGINE...I THOUGHT I WAS BREAKING HIM IN SLOWLY! WELL, READER, I'VE SEEN THINGS EVEN MORE STARTLING...AND I'VE SAVED MY PRIZE EXPERIENCE FOR YOU!



"ONE DAY...AN AGITATED LAWYER CALLED AT MY LONDON OFFICE!"

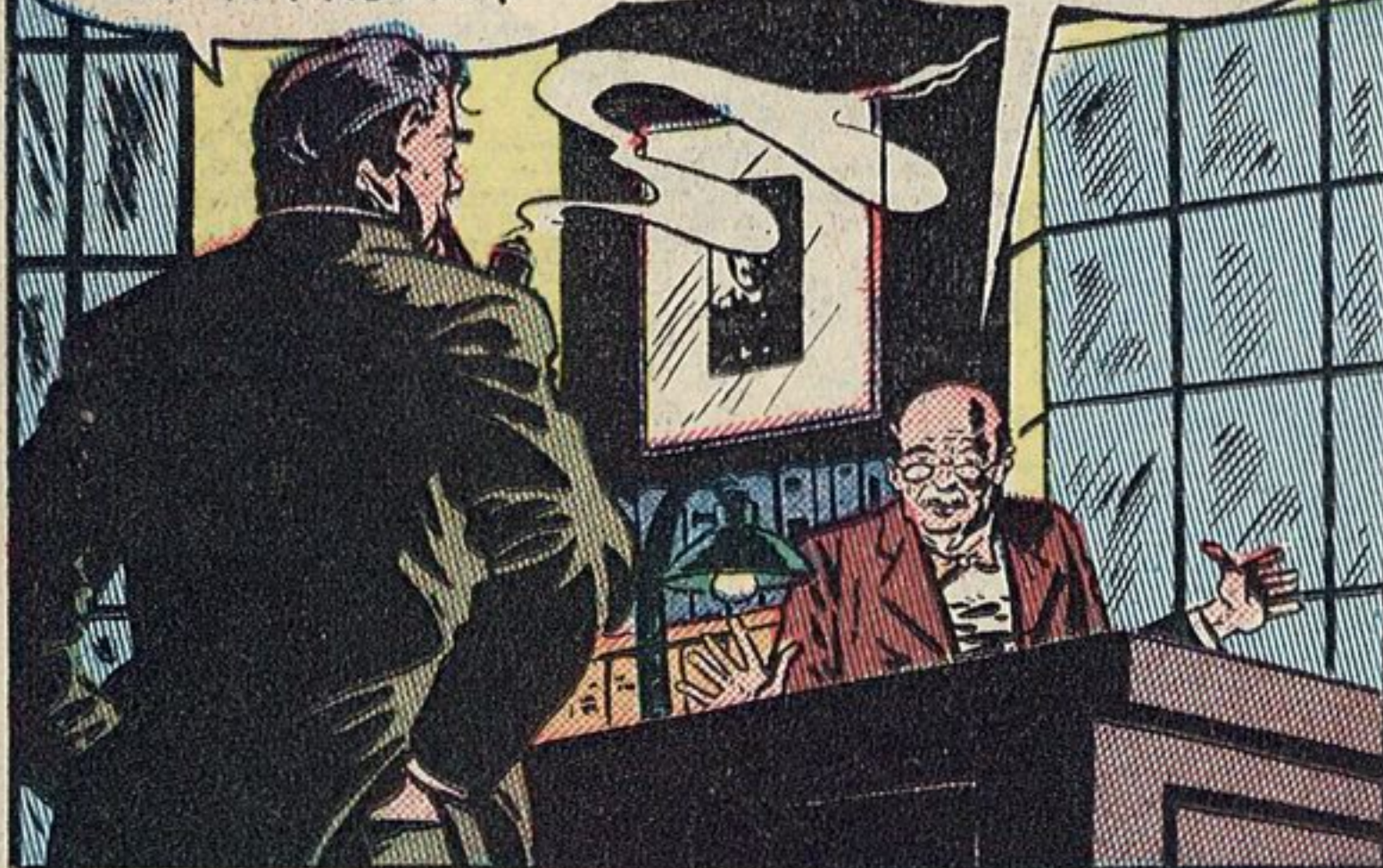
YES, GLASGOW HAS ALWAYS BEEN A FINE TOWN FOR GHOSTS! YOU HEAR GROANS, YOU SAY...YOU SEE TERRIFYING SHADOWS ON THE WALLS... BUT ANYTHING MORE SUBSTANTIAL?

THAT'S WHAT GAVE US A TURN! IMAGINE YOUR CHILDREN PLAYING QUIETLY IN THE NURSERY... PLAYING WITH SOMETHING BLACK AND SHAGGY...THAT FADES WHEN YOU ENTER!



I'VE HEARD SOME PEOPLE PAY PREMIUM PRICES FOR HAUNTED HOUSES! ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT INVENTING THIS...THIS WEREWOLF...JUST SO YOU CAN SELL YOUR PLACE AT A PROFIT?

O'DONNELL, YOU'RE THE LAST PERSON I CAN TURN TO! COME TO GLASGOW...NOW...AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!



WE REACHED GLASGOW THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...AND IN A GUSTY DOWNPOUR...

YOU MAY THINK IT ODD OF ME...BUT I'D MUCH RATHER YOU WENT IN ALONE!

NONSENSE, MCKAYE! THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ANY GHOST...EXCEPT YOUR OWN REACTION!



LOOK...THAT LIGHT! I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE!

KEEP CALM! USUALLY THESE SPECTRAL LIGHTS LEAD TO SOMETHING...AND IT SEEMS TO BE IN THE NEXT ROOM!

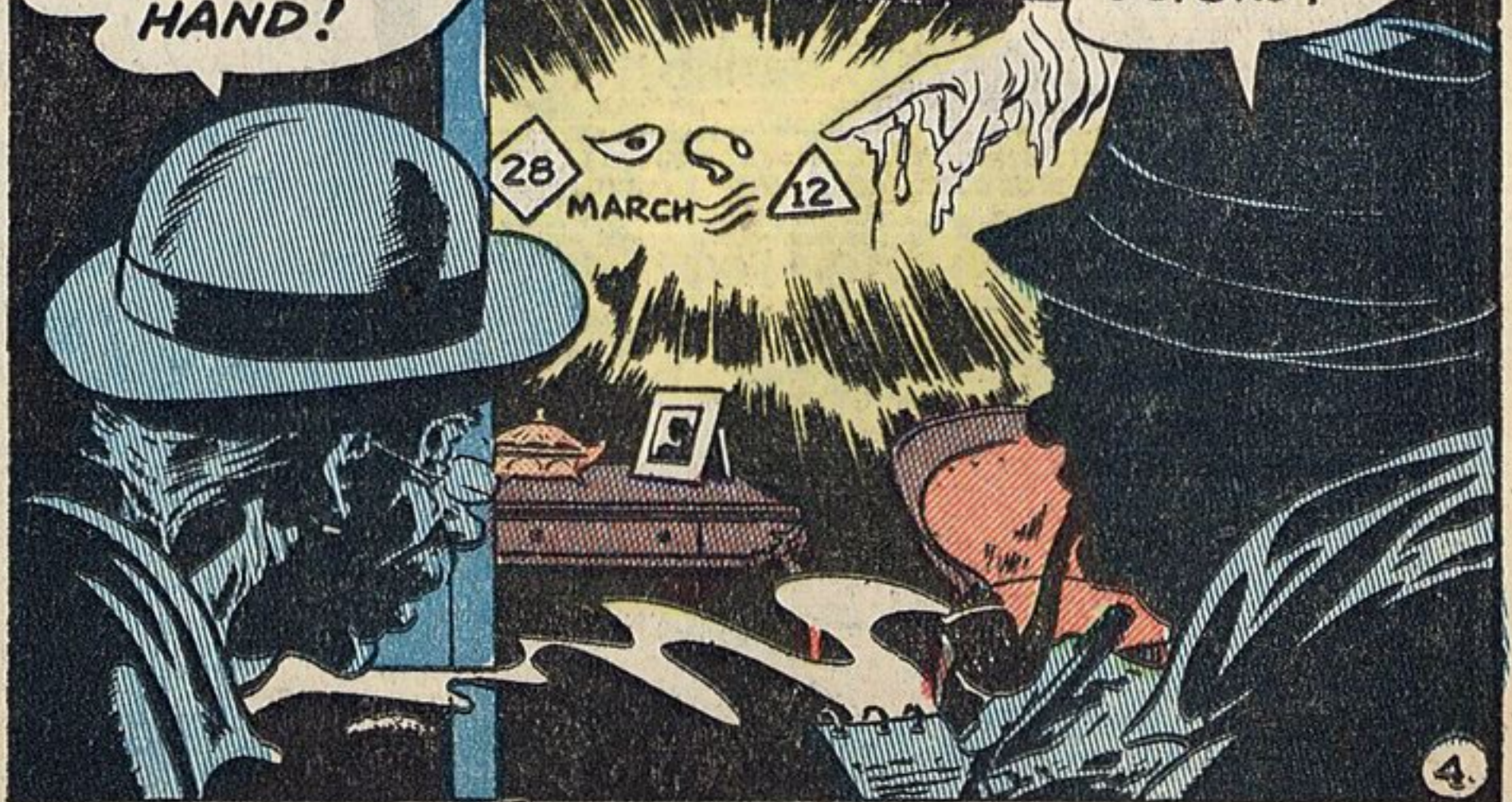
CREEEEAK!



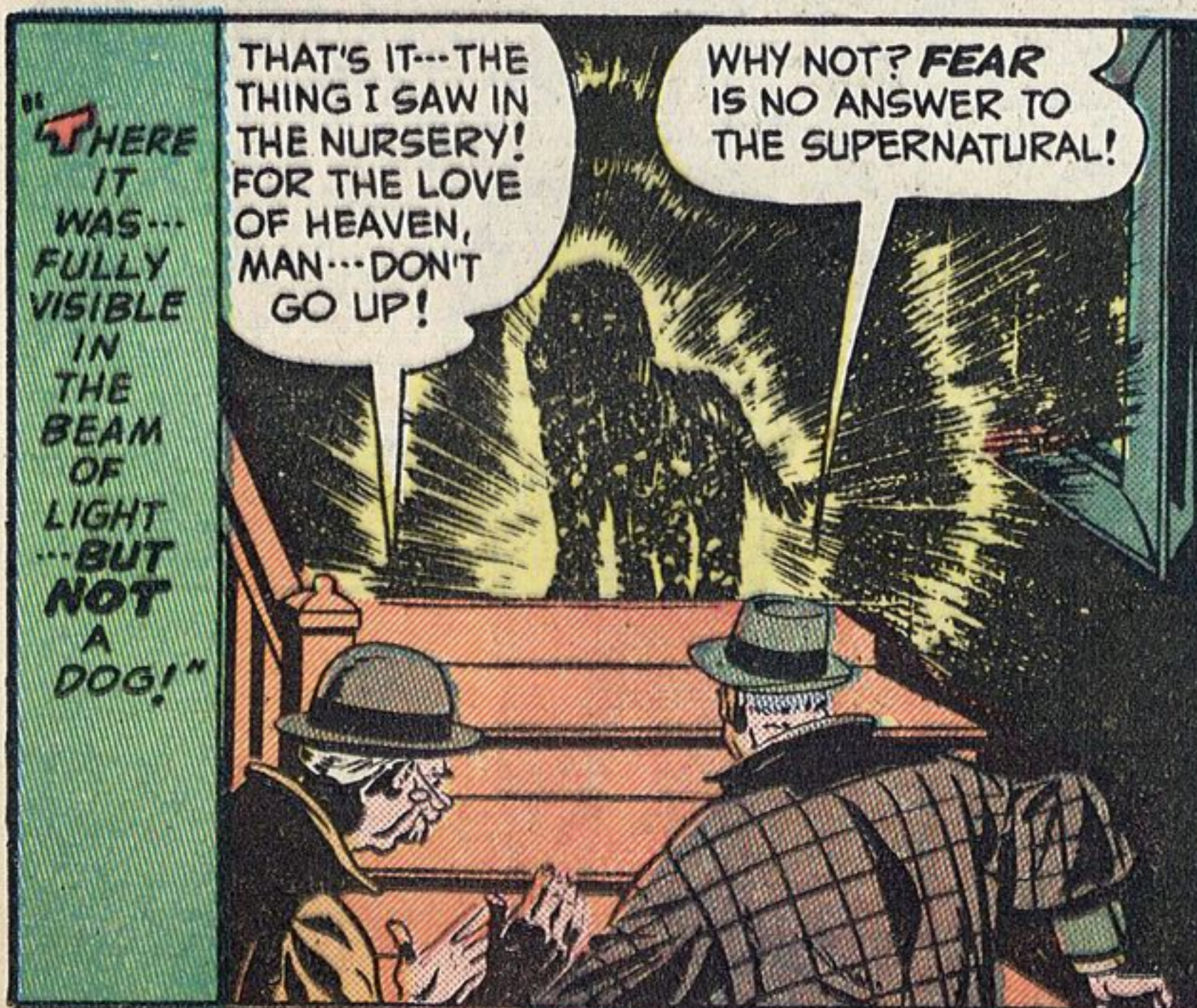
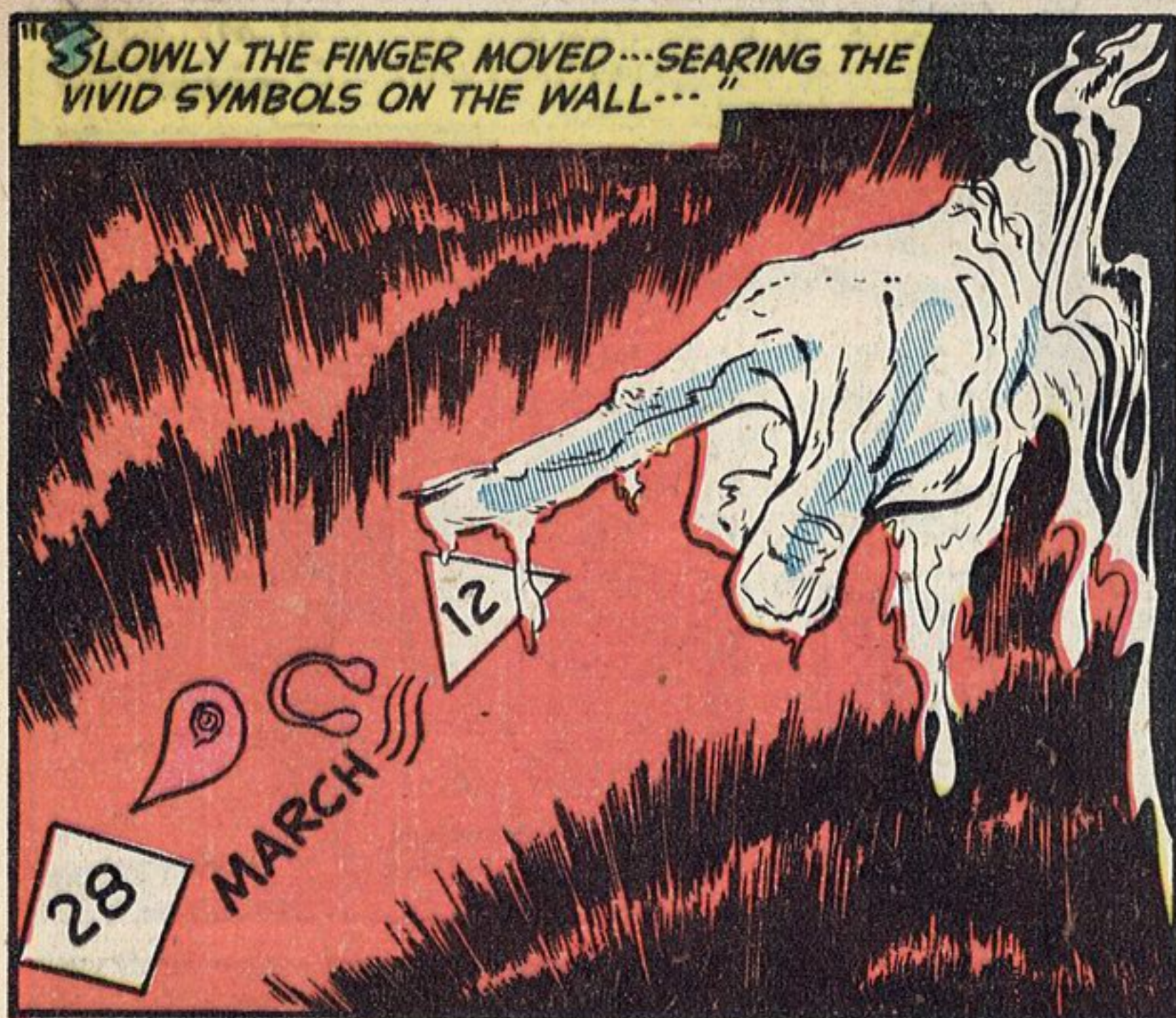
"THE GHOSTLY FLICKERING DANCED TOWARD THE WALL...AND THERE..."

IT'S TAKEN THE FORM OF A HAND...A MOVING HAND!

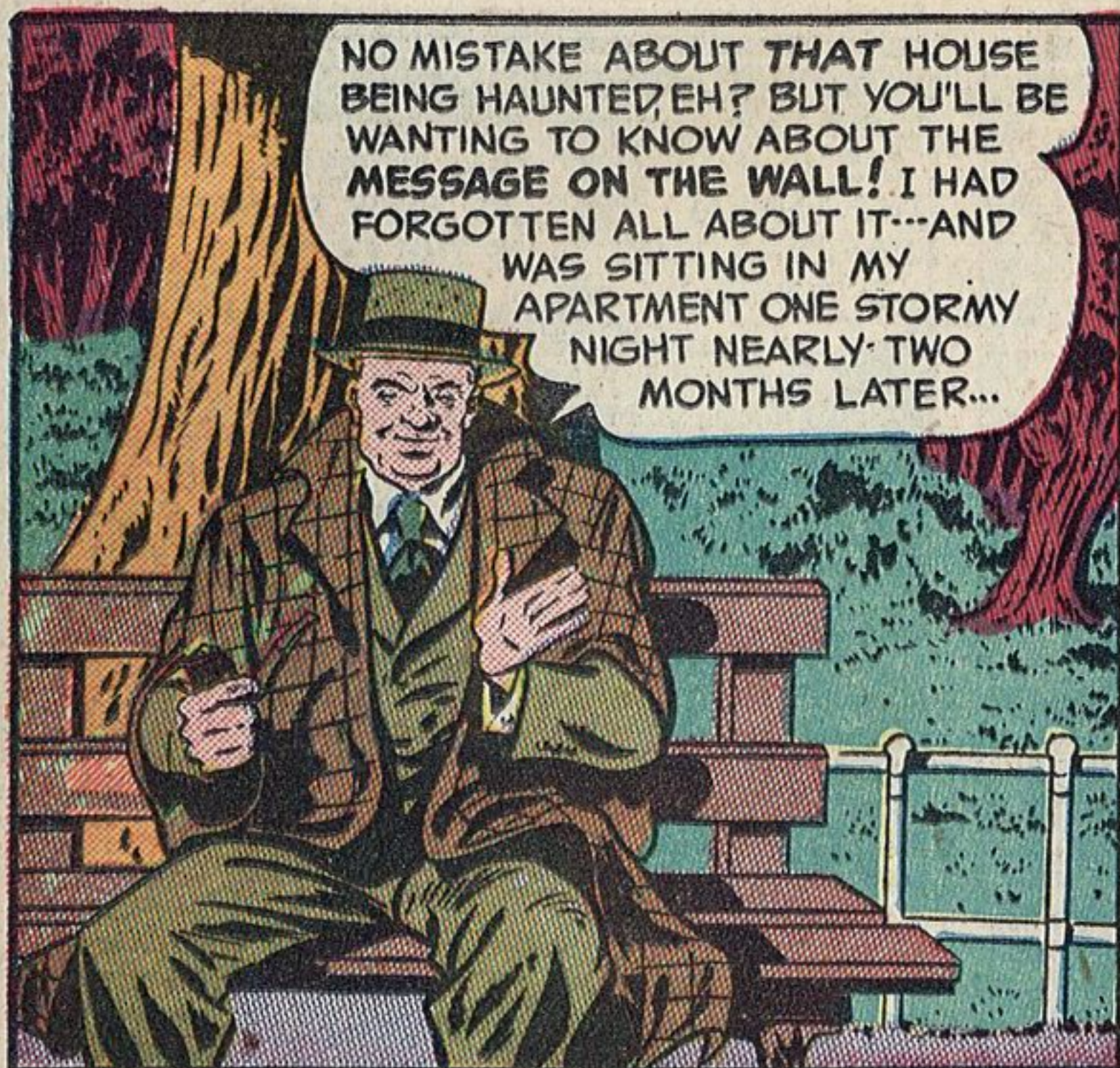
AMAZING! IT'S TRACING SOME KIND OF INSCRIPTION...A MESSAGE FROM THE WORLD BEYOND!











NO MISTAKE ABOUT THAT HOUSE BEING HAUNTED, EH? BUT YOU'LL BE WANTING TO KNOW ABOUT THE MESSAGE ON THE WALL! I HAD FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT IT...AND WAS SITTING IN MY APARTMENT ONE STORMY NIGHT NEARLY TWO MONTHS LATER...



**A** FEW MINUTES BEFORE MIDNIGHT, I HAD A VAGUE FEELING THAT WAS NEW AND STRANGE TO ME! IT WAS FEAR!

WOOO-O-O-O!  
DEVIL OF A STORM BLOWING TONIGHT! I DON'T KNOW WHY...BUT I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF IT!



**S**UDDENLY...FROM A DARKENED CORNER...

THAT ONE AGAIN...AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! WHAT IS IT? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME?



ANOTHER FADEOUT THROUGH THE WINDOW, EH? THIS TIME I'M GOING TO TRY TO FOLLOW THE THING!



**A**T THE INSTANT I REACHED THE STREET...

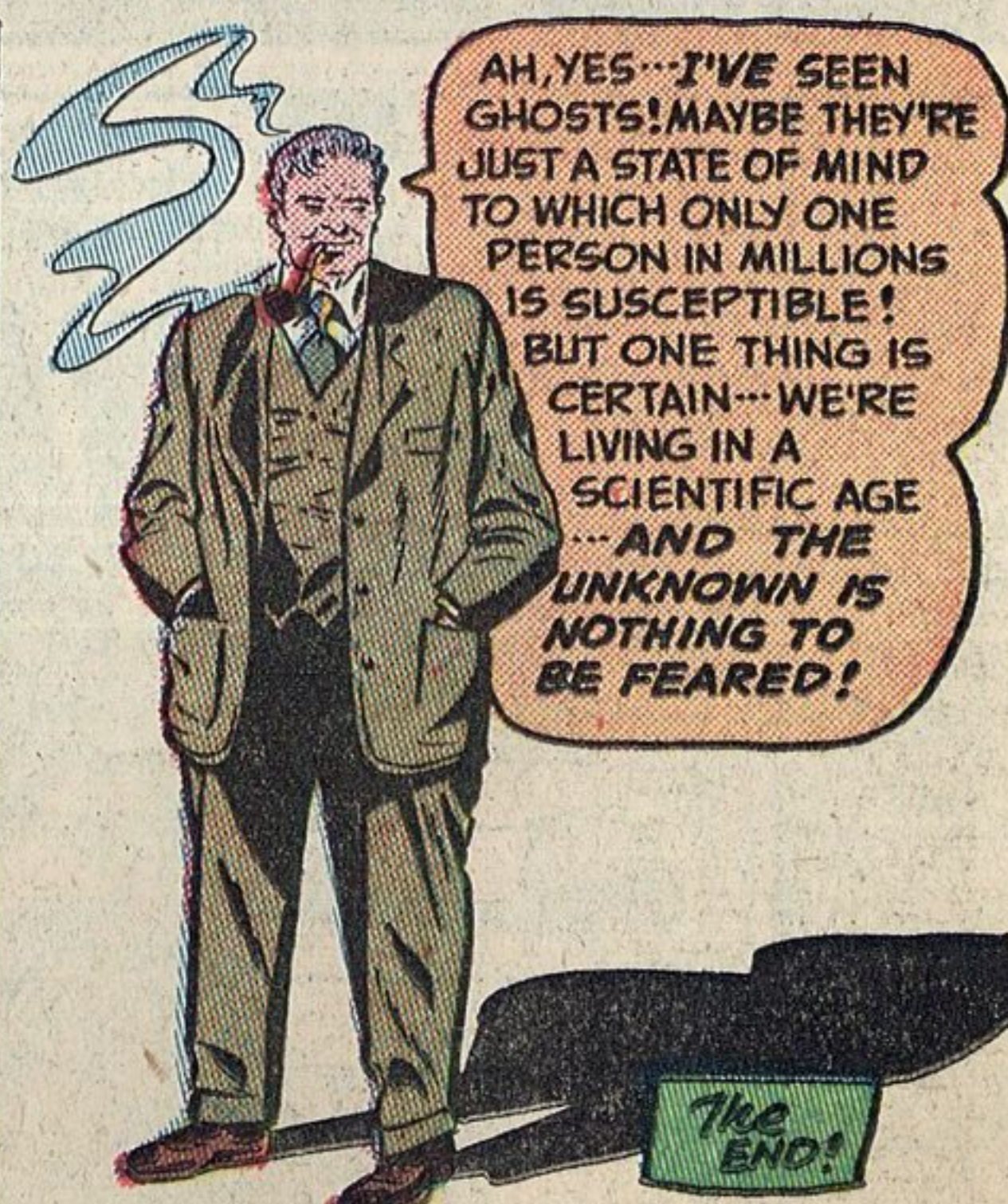
CRRRASH!



YOU WERE LUCKY TO HAVE NIPPED OUT IN TIME, SIR...WE'VE FOUND TWELVE BODIES SO FAR! LET'S SEE, NOW...28TH OF MARCH...TWELVE MIDNIGHT!

THAT'S RIGHT...28TH OF MARCH...

I WAS WARNED...BOTH TONIGHT AND TWO MONTHS AGO...WHEN THE PRECISE DATE AND HOUR OF THE ACCIDENT WERE WRITTEN ON A GLASGOW WALL!



AH, YES...I'VE SEEN GHOSTS! MAYBE THEY'RE JUST A STATE OF MIND TO WHICH ONLY ONE PERSON IN MILLIONS IS SUSCEPTIBLE! BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN...WE'RE LIVING IN A SCIENTIFIC AGE...AND THE UNKNOWN IS NOTHING TO BE FEARED!

The END!



# True Ghosts of History

"THE ST. MARY'S SPECTER"

SOME NIGHT FOR GUARD DUTY! BLIMEY, YOUNGSTER, YOU'RE GONNA LOVE IT!

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN OUT THERE IN THE DARK! BETTER WATCH OUT FOR GHOSTS! HAW-HAW!

G-GHOSTS? YOU CAN'T SCARE M-ME THAT WAY!



"TRUE" GHOSTS MAY SEEM A STRANGE TITLE... BECAUSE THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANY SCIENTIFIC PROOF THAT THEY EXIST! BUT HISTORY RECORDS MANY CASES OF PERSONS CLAIMING TO HAVE SEEN SPECTERS! LET'S SCAN THE EVIDENCE OF ONE OF THESE CASES! OUR STORY STARTS AT THE OLD ST. MARY'S NAVAL BARRACKS AT CHATHAM, ENGLAND, IN 1946...

THEY... THEY MUST THINK I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING! GHOSTS... HUH! B-BUT IT IS DARK... AND LONE-SOME! AND THAT SHADOW UP AHEAD! IT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE...

OH, GREAT HEAVENS! IT... IT IS A GHOST!

HELP! HELP! IT'S AFTER ME!







YOU, JOHNSON! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHY HAVE YOU LEFT YOUR POST?

I... I SAW A GHOST, SIR! THE GHOST OF AN OLD ENGLISH SAILOR!



A GHOST, HE SAYS! HA-HA!

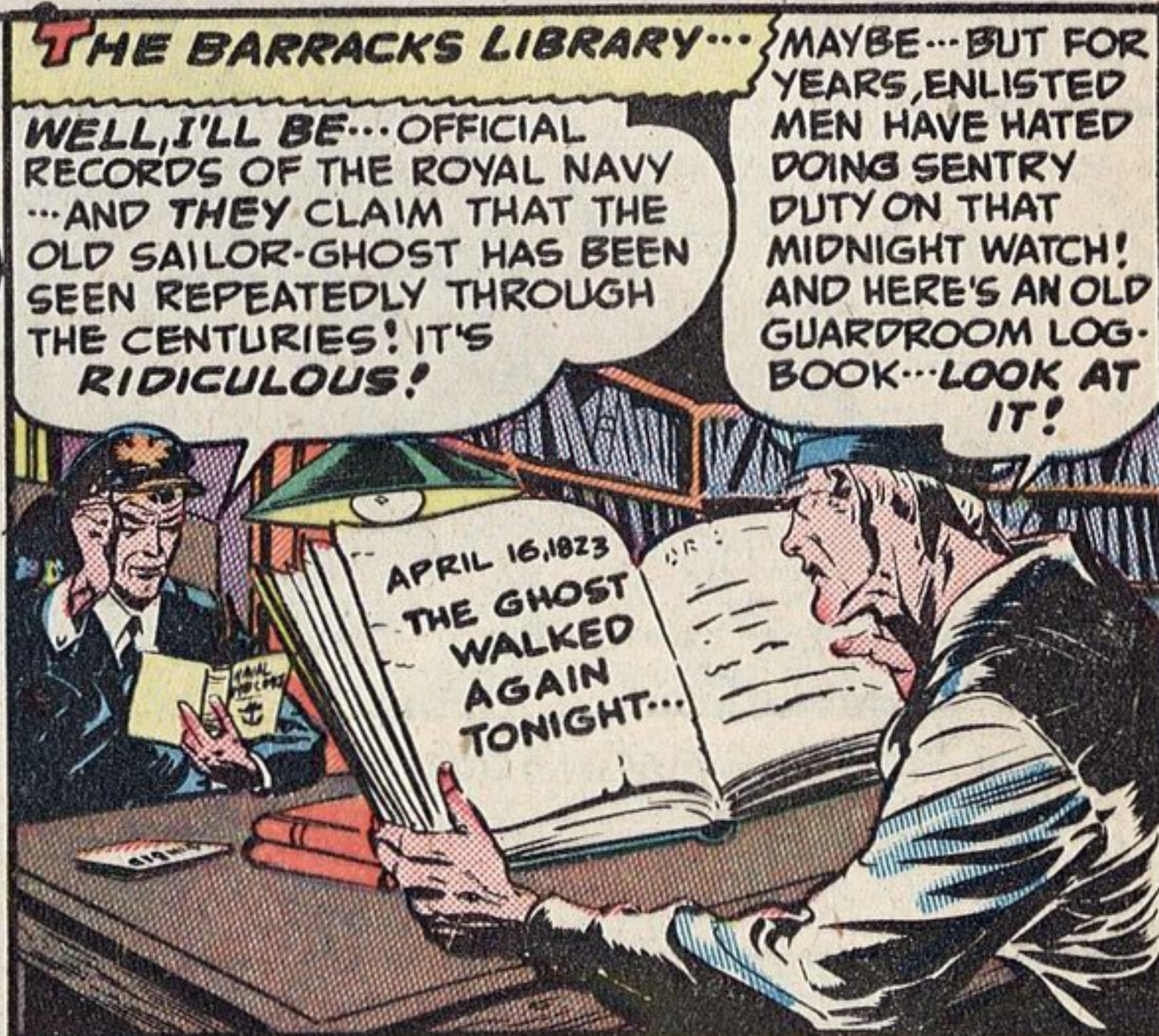
SURE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN DRINKING?

BEGGIN' YER PARDON, SIR, BUT I'M THE ONLY OLD HAND HERE, AN' I HAPPEN TO KNOW... THE YOUNG UN'S RIGHT! HE'S SEEN THE ST. MARY'S SPECTER!



ST. MARY'S SPECTER! WHAT NONSENSE IS THIS?

IT'S TRUE, SIR! WHAT JOHNSON SAW WAS THE GHOST OF ONE OF ADMIRAL NELSON'S SAILORS! FOR OVER 150 YEARS, HE'S BEEN A-HAUNTIN' THE RAMPARTS ON THE MID-NIGHT WATCH... LIMPIN' ALONG ON A CRUTCH, THEN DISAPPEARIN' INTO THE MOAT! I... I CAN PROVE IT TO YOU, SIR!



THE BARRACKS LIBRARY... WELL, I'LL BE... OFFICIAL RECORDS OF THE ROYAL NAVY... AND THEY CLAIM THAT THE OLD SAILOR-GHOST HAS BEEN SEEN REPEATEDLY THROUGH THE CENTURIES! IT'S RIDICULOUS!

MAYBE... BUT FOR YEARS, ENLISTED MEN HAVE HATED DOING SENTRY DUTY ON THAT MIDNIGHT WATCH! AND HERE'S AN OLD GUARDROOM LOG-BOOK... LOOK AT IT!



THIS TALK OF GHOSTS... ALL BALDERDASH! THE ST. MARY'S SPECTER IS EASY ENOUGH TO EXPLAIN... WHEN THE WIND IS BLOWING IN A CERTAIN DIRECTION, THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE SENTRY REVERBERATE AND PRODUCE AN ECHO IMMEDIATELY BEHIND HIM! THAT'S YOUR GHOST!

THINK SO, SIR? THEN LOOK!



ECHOES DON'T DRESS LIKE 18TH CENTURY SAILORS... NOR DO THEY LIMP ALONG ON CRUTCHES!

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS HAVE CARRIED THIS STORY OF THE ST. MARY'S SPECTER... AND ITS EXISTENCE HAS NEVER BEEN DISPROVED! WHAT DO YOU THINK, READER?



# RESCUE OUT *of the* UNKNOWN

AT Barron's Continental Circus, it was time for "Magic on the Flying Trapeze" . . . starring Lily and George LeBecque! High above the arena, pert, dark Lily LeBecque stood poised on the swinging trapeze. Suddenly, as the cymbals clanged and the spectators stifled cries of fear, she launched into a plunging dive, hurtling down from her perch at headlong speed towards the deceptively soft-looking turf below!

A hundred feet away, smoothly, almost effortlessly, her husband, George, slipped his trapeze into position. For a moment, it appeared as though Lily would shoot by . . . to a certain death! And then—strong arms reached forward and plucked Lily out of mid-air—to safety! The tension broken, the spectators cheered, whistled, stamped their feet, left the arena singing the praises of the flying LeBecques.

"What a pair . . . what *teamwork*! She seems to know every move he's making . . . every second! No wonder she can go through the entire act with a *blindfold* around her eyes!"

"And the way he gets to her and breaks her dive at the last moment! Those two are more than a team . . . they're *really* magic!"

George and Lily LeBecque *were* more than a team! George *knew* every move that Lily was going to make! He knew her every thought. And Lily *knew*, to the split second, when George's lean, powerful fingers would grasp her own, in mid-air, and break her dive! She knew . . . always . . . what George was thinking and doing. She knew when things were going

well . . . and when there was danger. The LeBecques never applied a name to the sixth sense that was the life-line of their existence. They accepted it, an unknown force that bound them closely together and held them safe.

The night that George's trapeze snapped in two, Lily was crouched on her perch, muscles tensed to spring off into space in her final dive. At the last instant, it was as though an arm had reached out of space and held her back, halted her headlong leap. Her heart skipped a beat. She knew, suddenly, that this time George would not be there to catch her up and break her fall! George would not be there . . . she *knew*! Lily LeBecque tottered, slipped. In a last despairing effort, she hooked an elbow around the cross bar, saved herself from a crushing fall. George fell instead, as the broken trapeze gave way.

At the hospital, they told Lily that George's back was broken. Yes, he had a chance to live . . . if he would fight for it!

Lily answered simply: "Of course, we will fight!"

George said only, "I will live to see the LeBecques on the high trapeze again . . . soon!" To Lily, he insisted, "In the meantime, the act must go on! You will get a new partner until I return! I will direct you!"

Reluctantly, Lily agreed. The week's practice went swiftly. Each morning, George issued instructions from his hospital bed. "Practice the dives most of all!" he would insist, "and the timing . . . the *timing*!"



Each evening, when Lily came back to the hospital, he seemed to know how the session had gone. When the practice went well, he was well. As the new team improved, George seemed to improve, too. It was as though George could see the practice sessions from the hospital bed. It was as though George was *living* for Lily's reappearance in the arena! In a week, the new partner was as ready as he would ever be. He knew the motions. But he did *not* know, he could never know, his partner's every move, every thought, as George LeBecque had known them! Lily LeBecque, as she waited for her cue on the night of the big show, felt cold. For the first time in her career, she was *afraid*!

That night, as he lay on his hospital bed, in more pain than he would admit, George LeBecque saw Lily's performance unfold before his eyes like a movie on a screen. In his mind's eye, he saw her swing out for the final dive, the great plunge towards the waiting, swinging arms of her partner 100 feet below. . . .

In the arena, as Lily, blindfold over her eyes, spangled costume gleaming in the light, swung out for her final dive, she could not see—or *feel*—that her new partner, nervous, had slipped, missed his timing. But she could hear the gasps, the cries of warning from the crowd:

"He's not going to reach her in time! He *can't* catch her!"

Lily LeBecque tore the blindfold from her eyes. Down she hurtled, heading towards . . . *her death*!

In the crowd, there were few who could agree on what happened next. Some said Lily just "stopped" . . . in mid-air! Others insisted she soared suddenly up, like a slim, shining bird

taking off in flight. But everyone saw her twist sharply over the arena, in a last, despairing effort, it seemed. And everyone saw her shoot up . . . up . . . *up*! With their own eyes, they saw her reach the nearest overhead trapeze! Then the tumult broke over the arena. A thousand straining voices shouted: "Lily LeBecque is safe! She's been saved . . . *saved*! It's a miracle . . . a miracle . . . *a miracle*!"

No one but Lily herself saw the dark, shadowy figure that had appeared in the air, out of nowhere . . . out of the *unknown*! The dark, shadowy figure that caught her, broke her fall, lifted her to the safety of the high trapeze. When the blood flowed back to her face, when once again she could lift her head, Lily looked about. The dark figure had gone. In the length and breadth of the huge arena, no one else had seen it. But Lily LeBecque *knew* that *he* had been there. For an instant, her eyes turned to the clock at the far end of the arena. The dial registered 8:02 P.M.

Almost against her will, the old, the unknown force drew Lily to the hospital. Something told her what she would find. Her husband, George, was . . . *dead*! In his hand, as she looked upon him for the last time, he held . . . a single, gleaming spangle from an aerialist's costume! The hospital record listed the time of his death . . . 8:02 P.M.!

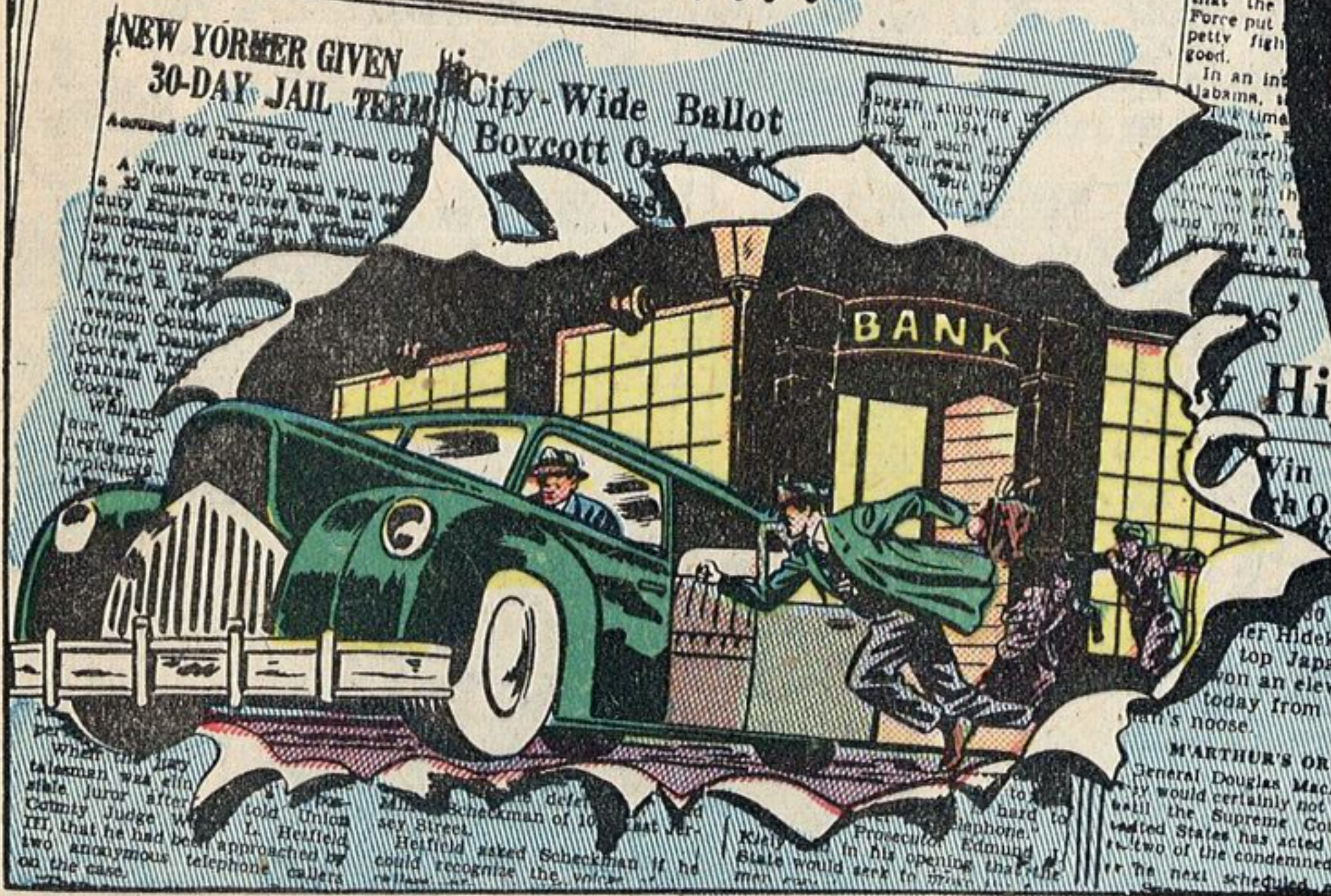
Had George LeBecque's spirit lived on just long enough to save his wife? Had the flying LeBecques, in death as in life, remained the "perfect team"? Again, as though prompted by a voice from the timeless spaces of the *unknown* . . . silent, haunted Lily LeBecque knew the answer to these questions.



# The WOMEN WORE BLACK!

JUSTICE MAY BE SHAKEN OFF THE SCENT... FATE MAY BE FORESTALLED... BUT THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM A **GYPSY CURSE!** HARDENED CRIMINALS FOUND WHAT TERROR A DESERTED HOUSE CAN HOLD-- WHEN GHOSTLY VENGEANCE LURKED IN THE SHADOWS... AND THE WOMEN WORE BLACK!

"MAD DOG ROBBERS" HIT FIFTH BANK IN WEEK! JUG NASON AND ACCOMPLICE ELUDE POLICE IN DARING GETAWAY!



**WITH ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL HOLDUP BEHIND THEM...**

WE GOT THIRTY GRAND, JUG! LET'S TACKLE THE BANK IN THE NEXT TOWN WE COME TO... WHILE WE'RE STILL HOT!

REAL TRIGGER-HAPPY, HAH? WE'RE KNOCKING OFF NOW... WHILE WE'RE STILL IN THE CLEAR! AND JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE, WE'RE GETTIN' RID OF OUR GUNS!



BUT JUG... MAYBE WE'LL NEED OUR RODS! THE ROADS ARE CRAWLIN' WITH COPS!

DON'T MAKE ME ASK TWICE, DOPE! THE PISTOLS GO NEXT... GIVE!

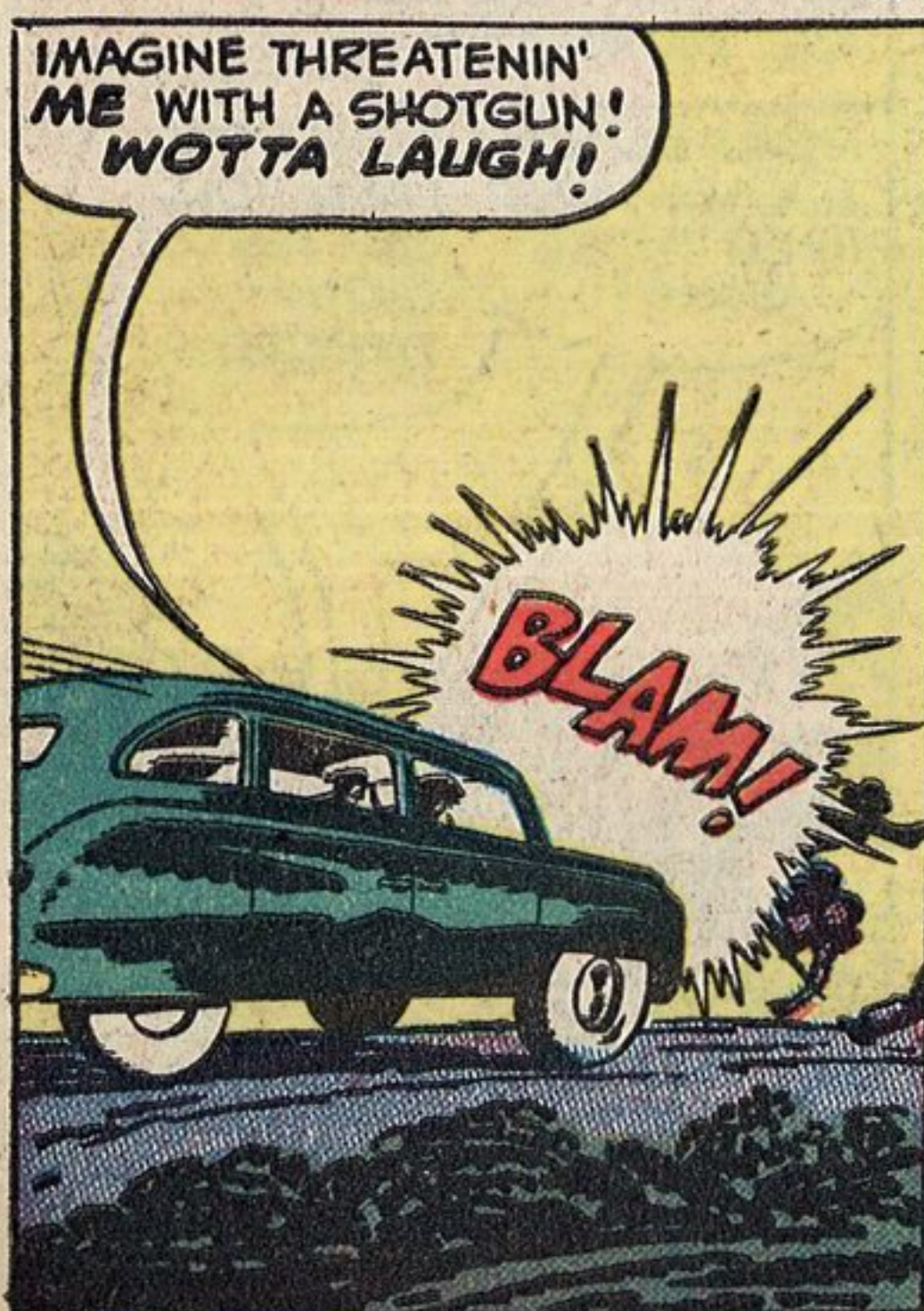
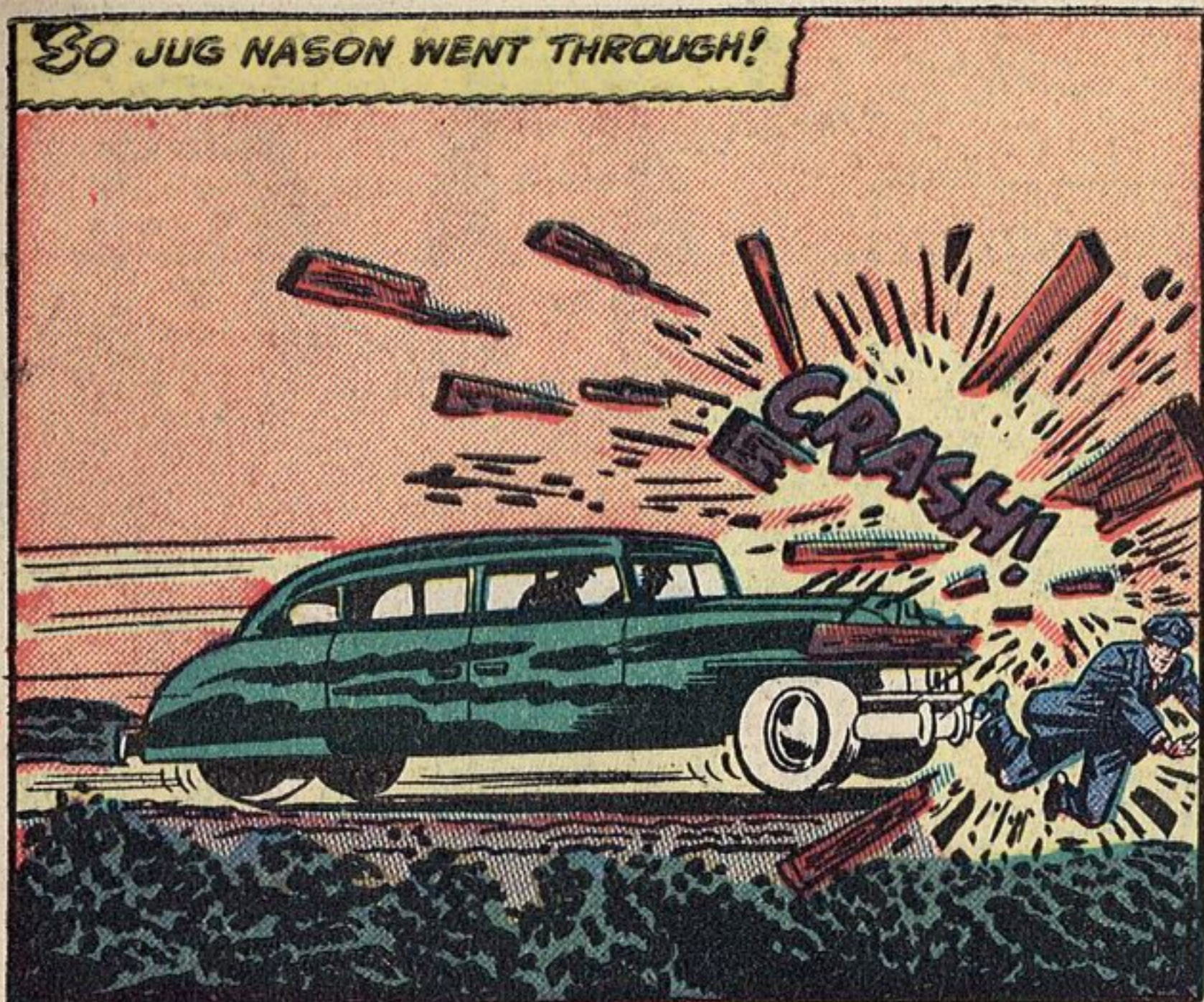


BUT... FURTHER DOWN THE HIGHWAY...

ROADBLOCK! I KNEW WE'D NEED THOSE GUNS!

SHADDAP AND HOLD ON! WE'RE GOIN' THROUGH!







MEANWHILE...BACK AT THE GYPSY CAMP...THE AGE-OLD DEATH RITUAL BEGINS!

TRUST THE OLD ONE! NIGHT HIDES NOTHING FROM HER...SHE WILL FIND THEM!

HEAR ME, OH DEAD! I AM OLD AND I REMEMBER THE ANCIENT LAWS! I WILL SEEK AND I WILL FOLLOW...AND YOU WHO ARE DEAD WILL SEEK AND FOLLOW!



I SEE A HOUSE...A DARK HOUSE...A HOUSE OF DEATH! COME WITH ME, MURDERED ONES...AND LET US WAIT!



A BLACK ROAD...AND BLACK SOULS RIDING IN A BLACK CAR...AND MAY A DARK FATE TAKE THEM!

THE OLD ONE IS IN A TRANCE! SHE HAS GONE OFF WITH THE DEAD...SEARCHING!



"HOW FAR CAN YOU GO, MISTER?" JUG NASON HAS DRIVEN NEARLY NINETY MILES...NIGHT HAS HUDDLED DOWN OVER THE COUNTRY SIDE...AND NOW...

HOW ABOUT THAT HOUSE, JUG? IT LOOKS EMPTY!

SOMEONE'S STANDING BESIDE THE ROAD! I'LL ASK!



HEY, THERE...ANYONE LIVE IN THIS JOINT?

AH, NO... NO ONE LIVES HERE!



THE WORDS ARE HOLLOW AND HALTING...THE FAR-OFF WORDS OF AN OLD WOMAN IN A TRANCE!

I SEEM TO REMEMBER HER FROM SOMEWHERE, JUG!

SO WHAT? WE'LL HAVE TO PARK ON THE SLOPE...THE DRIVEWAY'S TOO CHOPPED UP DOWN BELOW!



NO ONE LIVES HERE! BUT THE VERY GLOOM HAS AN AIR OF MENACE...OF SOMETHING WAITING!

SOME HIDEOUT! JUST THE KIND OF PLACE SPOOKS LIKE TO CLANK AROUND IN!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHEN PEOPLE ARE DEAD, THEY'RE DEAD...AND THEY DON'T...



...MAKE NOISES...

CLANK!  
CLANK!











RATS, NO...THEY CAN'T BE GYPSIES! GYPSIES WEAR PRETTY COLORED COSTUMES ...NOT CREEPY BLACK STUFF LIKE THAT!



ULP! YOU DOPE...WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SCARIN' ME LIKE THAT?

YOU WERE TALKIN' TO YOURSELF, JUG! IT...IT SOUNDED QUEER!



IT'S ALL STRICTLY FROM IMAGINATION! NOthin' SCARES ME, SEE...NOthin'!

WHAT'S HE SHAKIN' FOR? HE KNOWS SOMETHIN' ...SOMETHIN' ABOUT THIS HOUSE!



Then, suddenly...DARKNESS AND SILENCE ARE SHATTERED TOGETHER!

CR-RRRAK!

YAAAGH!



THE HOT SEAT ...THAT'S WHAT IT FELT LIKE! WHO PUT THAT THING HERE ...WHO?

THERE'S NOthin' TO BLOW YOUR TOP ABOUT, JUG! IT WAS JUST A LITTLE ACCIDENT... A WORN-OUT WIRE!



THAT WOULD HAVE SCARED ANYONE! THEM I DON'T WORRY ABOUT...I MEAN ...THEY'RE JUST GIRLS...

JUG... THEY'RE HERE!



QUIET! THEY'RE AWFULLY QUIET!

SHE'S TELLIN' FORTUNES, JUG! THEY'RE VERY GOOD WITH THE CARDS... THOSE GYPSIES!



GYPSIES! WHO SAID THEY'RE GYPSIES?

JUG...FOR THE LUVVA PETE...PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE ME SAY THAT... HONEST!









THE DOOR! BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE...

FOOTSTEPS!  
THEY KNOW WE'RE  
HERE...AND THEY'RE  
COMIN' AFTER US!

SURE...  
AND I KNOW  
WHO!

THUMP...  
THUMP...  
THUMP...



IF THEY'RE HERE...  
WHO ELSE COULD  
FIND US? THE GYPSIES,  
THAT'S WHO!

THE WINDOW!  
WE'RE NOT  
CORNERED  
YET, JUG!



IT'S MOVIN'... IT'S  
COMIN' FASTER!  
THE CAR...THE  
GYPSIES' CAR  
WE LEFT PARKED  
ON THE SLOPE!  
THE BRAKES MUSTA  
SLIPPED...



CRRRASH!



AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

IT'S NASON AND  
HIS SIDEKICK, ALL  
RIGHT...BUT YOU CAN  
PUT AWAY YOUR GUN,  
MURPHY! THEY'RE  
FINISHED!



LUCKY FOR YOU THESE RATS  
DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD  
SPOTTED THEM FROM NEXT  
DOOR! STRANGE WAY TO  
DIE...AND MIGHTY STRANGE  
THAT CAR HAPPENED TO ROLL  
DOWN THE SLOPE!

BUT THAT'S WHAT I PHONED  
ABOUT! I DIDN'T SEE THESE MEN  
AT ALL...JUST AN OLD WOMAN  
TINKERING WITH THE CAR...  
AN OLD WOMAN IN A  
BRIGHTLY-COLORED GYPSY  
COSTUME!



WHAT IS TIME...WHAT IS DISTANCE...  
WHEN THE DEAD MUST BE AT REST?  
AT THAT INSTANT...FAR FROM THE  
BLACK HOUSE OF DOOM...

THE OLD ONE HAS AWAKENED  
FROM HER TRANCE...AND THE  
BODIES OF OUR MAIDENS  
HAVE RETURNED!

IT IS  
DONE...  
IT IS DONE!  
THEY ARE AT  
PEACE NOW!



# TALK - SING - PLAY

THROUGH YOUR OWN RADIO

With the *Super* HOME RADIO  
**MIKE!**



**Fool Your  
Friends —  
Give Your Own  
Radio Shows**

*Easily Attaches to Any Radio*

Amaze and mystify your friends by talking about them over your own radio. Create and broadcast shows, commercials, and "news flashes". Just flick the button of this professional, studio type "mike" and you cut in instantly on any program, make believe you are on with the big stars. Surprise friends in your home by mentioning their names on the big network shows. It's loads of fun for adults and kids.

**Complete** — nothing else to buy. This professional looking switch button mike comes complete with illustrated instructions . . . shows how to install on your radio. "MIKE" has long insulated cord — complete ready to attach.

**SEND NO MONEY!**

Examine and try this swell "MIKE" at home without risk. Send no money — just name and address on penny postcard and we'll ship C.O.D. plus postage, or send \$2.00 and we ship postpaid. No C.O.D. outside U.S.A.



*Only*  
**\$1.98**  
*Complete*



Comes  
complete  
with  
6 foot  
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☐ Send MIKE C.O.D., I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. on arrival.

☐ I'm enclosing \$2 send postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



# REDUCE FAT!

UP TO 5 lbs. A WEEK  
YET EAT PLENTY!



## LOSE WEIGHT

The New, Scientific Way to

Feel full of pep and energy. Overcome that tired feeling this Doctor Approved Way!

### REDUCE 10-20-30-LBS.

AND IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH! WE GUARANTEE THESE STATEMENTS OR YOU DON'T PAY A PENNY!

Don't be denied a beautiful, attractive figure. Lose ugly excess fat easily, quickly, pleasantly, safely—we guarantee it! KELPIDINE does the work with little effort on your part, is ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS and supplies a food mineral which is VITAL for balanced nutrition. KELPIDINE IS GOOD FOR YOU! It decreases your appetite, gives you more energy, vitality and vigor. YOU'LL ENJOY REDUCING THIS WAY! Proven results are shown quickly. Many report losing 15, 20, 30 pounds and even more in a few short weeks. With KELPIDINE, ugly fat and extra inches seem to disappear like magic. Kelpidine (fucus) is the only known food product listed in medical dictionaries as an ANTI-FAT, AND AS AN AID IN REDUCING. A United States Government Agency classifies KELPIDINE as a food. It is safe and brings remarkable results quickly and easily.



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Absolutely  
HARMLESS  
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**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL!**

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If Kelpidine doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose as much weight as you want to lose, if you're not 100% delighted with the results. YOUR MONEY WILL BE RETURNED AT ONCE.

"My Grateful Thanks to Kelpidine. In just a few weeks I lost 3 inches thru the waistline and hips. It's amazing." Mary Brown, N. Y. C.

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Send me at once for \$2 cash, check or money order, one month's supply of Kelpidine Tablets, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied my money will be refunded.

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*Now* **YOU CAN HAVE**  
**DARING** *Newest Look* **BEAUTY**  
**WITH ALL-IN-ONE**  
**TRIOLETTE**

*It's All  
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- { 1-uplift bra  
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Put your figure in style! Look feminine, curvaceous—instantly—with new marvelous TRIOLETTE. It's taken New York by storm...it's all the rage with smart girls...because it rounds you enticingly in the right places with never a bulge in the wrong ones! Lightly but cleverly boned—to pull in your waist, give fullness to hips, lift bust to alluring firm contours. No matter what shape bosom you have! Magical, you'll agree...and this one little garment does it all! In luxury rayon satin—with revealing lace inserts at bust, dainty net edging at top and bottom. Comfortable! Lastex insert, adjustable hook-and-eye back fastening, 4 adjustable garters. Bra straps included, adjustable, easy to attach. New TRIOLETTE costs little more than bra alone! We know you'll be thrilled—your money back if not 100% pleased with your glamorous "New Look"



**For That  
Thrilling  
NEW LOOK**



*Have* **Tiny Waist  
—Full Bosom  
FIGURE**

figure. A cup, 32 to 36.  
 B cup, (larger) 32 to 38.

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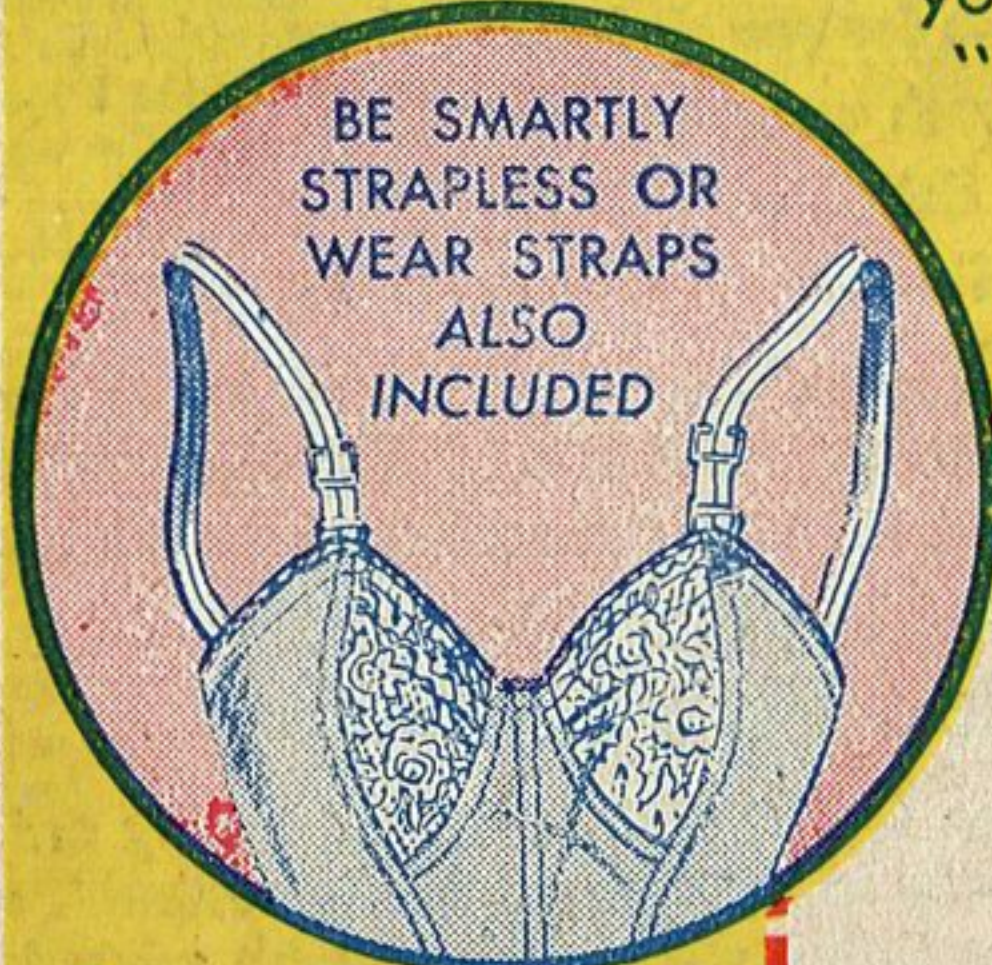
1st Color Choice	2nd Color Choice
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Name \_\_\_\_\_

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I understand if not delighted with TRIOLETTE I can return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.



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 STRAPLESS OR  
 WEAR STRAPS  
 ALSO  
 INCLUDED

**Costs so little**

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